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# 1984

NUMBER THREE

A WARREN MAGAZINE

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SEPT 1978

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TO THE DAWN  
OF TIME...  
SEEKING  
THE ORIGIN  
OF LIFE  
ON EARTH!





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# 1984

**NUMBER THREE  
SEPTEMBER 1978**

*Publisher*  
**JAMES WARREN**

*Editor*  
**W.B. DuBAY**

*Assistant Editor*  
**JAMES STENSTRUM**

*Production*  
**SAM BERDICA  
JAMES IMES**

*Circulation*  
**MIKE SCHNEIDER**

*Cover*  
**PATRICK WOODROFFE**

*Authors*  
**BILL DuBAY  
NEBOT  
ALABASTER REDZONE  
JAN STRNAD**

*Illustrators*  
**HERB ARNOLD  
ALFREDO ALCALA  
RICHARD CORBEN  
JIM JANES  
ABEL LAXAMANA  
ESTEBAN MAROTO  
NEBOT  
RUDY NEBRES  
ALEX NINO  
JOSE ORTIZ**

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## TELEMETRY

"It occurs to me that every one of your artists and writers has an acute case of Tourettes' syndrome, the swearing sickness," writes Dr. Ralph Thomas of Dade City, Florida. While Barry Smith, of Kingsport, Louisiana says, "I can't begin to tell you how much 1984 has improved my vocabulary!"

**4**

## IDI AMIN

You remember tricky Dick Nixon, don't you? The political outlaw who amassed a fortune selling his memoirs to the media. If truth be known, and if there were any historians left in this war-ravaged world, they could trace the cause of the recent apocalypse to that humble recluse of San Clemente!

**20**

## MUTANT WORLD

Dimento was a sly fellow. Oh, yes he was. He traded a whole sackful of half-rotten, worm-eaten apples for the secret location of a cache crammed with food. He couldn't understand, though, what the food was doing in an ancient, sludge-filled sewer. And whatever in the world were those growling sounds?

**43**

## DR. JERKYLL

Young Doctor Jerkyll didn't say much. But then, he didn't have to. He was a brilliant scientist, with a very special formula, that could transform him into a vastly different being. It made him unwieldy. It made him insane. It made him beautiful, with breasts the size of overripe cantalopes!

**57**

## COMMFU

Aaron was a sub-norm, incapable of speech, programmed in the art of destruction. He and his fellow sub-norms had a mission. But they had all been killed or captured, and Aaron was damned if he knew what the mission entailed. All he knew was that he had to kill. So off he went with his tommygun!

**68**

## SQUEEZIN'S

It was his first day on the job, and the new president wanted to know everything: All of the secrets, all of the dirt, all of the nasty idiosyncracies that made the country run. What he learned was that the presidency was a myth. The real world leaders were nipping corn squeezin's from a jug!

**6**

## IN THE BEGINNING

The mission was on. It had been timed to the second. The calculations had been checked and triple checked. And the crew was excited and ready. It wasn't man's first excursion into time. But it was the first time he would travel twenty billion years ... and come face-to-face with his creator!

**31**

## OMAR BARSIDIAN

Omar Barsidian was a runaway. He fled the planet Orgasty, to find a more meaningful way of life. But, he was a condemned man. As one of the beautiful people, it was impossible for him to escape. Sally Starslammer had orders to bring Omar home. In lieu of that, she was to bring back his head!

**51**

## DISNEYSPACE

Some might wonder why an ancient steamboat was churning through the blackness of space. It wasn't so unusual. Not in this famous amusement park. What was unusual was the ominous vessel which pursued it. Somehow, the craft didn't appear like it belonged in the wonderful world of Disneyspace!

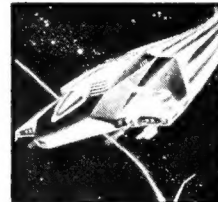
**62**

## THE HARVEST

It was November. Time for the annual harvest; when game had to be thinned, so the animals would not die of starvation in the lean winter months. But, it was also 1988. And most game had long-been extinct. What type of animal, then, was being raised in the preserves, fattened for the anxious hunters?

**75**

# incoming telemetry



## "1984 IS NOW... AND I HOPE IT'S FOREVER!"

I purchased **1984** only after some days of hesitant deliberation. Being somewhat of a more "serious" fan of the genre, I have formed the habit of avoiding the market's offering of science fiction/horror comic magazines. And since **Warren Publishing** has long been recognized as the primary "villain" in this area, I have developed a negative attitude specifically towards the **Warren** entities.

In this particular instance, I noticed the **Warren** label only after my purchase. So what else could I do? I read the magazine. Hence, this letter expressing my reactions, conclusions and comments.

Consensus: **delightful!**

I found the opening editorial remarkable, and emotionally stirring. Such sentimentality compares with my own thoughts and feelings regarding the subject matter. Now well-approaching my middle years, I can recall the way it used to be. How thoroughly refreshing to examine a periodical marketed by serious fans, rather than merely another merchandising effort.

While I am no authority on contemporary comic art, I do nonetheless, have a good general idea of the current state of affairs regarding the same. I feel that the artwork presented in **1984** was the **finest** available. The magazine is artistically masterful; a visual splendor to behold. Plaudits to all, and a very special tip of the hat to the great **Wally Wood**.

In regards to the literary content, the stories themselves were generally quite good, with only a few mere notches away from being excellent. Although there is always room for improvement in this department, I am registering no complaint or shortcomings...! As I've said, I loved the book. I bid you a warm welcome and a hearty congratulations on a job **very well done!**

**TERRY R. ROARK**  
Lancaster, Pa.

What a package! Ten fantastic stories! Eighty-four glorious pages! The best art and stories ever! And not one page of advertisements in sight!

**R.A. ZIERS**  
Bloomfield, N.J.

It could just become the greatest magazine ever!

**BILL SHARP**  
Knoxville, Tenn.

You know what I like best about **1984**? The **attitude**. It's not a humor magazine nor a porn book. Yet, it's not straight science fiction, either. It's clear that within these pages, nothing is sacred. That all aspects of the frail human condition are fair game. Unlike so many other purportedly "fun and entertaining" comics, you don't take yourselves too seriously. It's as if you're saying, "Look, world... we know we're just a funny book, so throw off your inhibitions and have some old-time fun!"

With an attitude like that, there's no way you can miss.

As you say, **1984** is now! And god-damn... I hope it's **forever!**

**VIRGINIA CHAMPIGN**  
Edwardsville, Ill.

Congratulations on your incredibly funny magazine. I loved it.

**BECKY MONTERO**  
Bronx, N.Y.



## 1984 PESSIMISTIC?

The title **1984** irks me. First, it's not very original. And secondly, I fear that it might (subconsciously) limit the scope of the magazine. Though, I can see at a glance why the title was selected. It is an eye-grabbing display that will no doubt enhance sales. And, I suppose, business is business.

**STEVEN JOHNSON**  
White Horse, S.C.

Since '84 is only six years off, the name of your new magazine seems a bit pessimistic. Nonetheless, it is the best **Warren** debut since **CREEPY** #1.

I was a bit surprised at the sexual aspect, thought not entirely displeased. "Last of the Really Great, All-American Joy Juice," and "Angel" were both marred by an overdose of junior high "tough guy" cursing, which lost any punch due to its profusion. And "Faster Than Light's" racial aspect was out of place and to no point, only undercutting the wacky fun.

**PATRICK COSGROVE**  
San Antonio, Texas

## SEXIST...? US?

What with the treatment accorded the fairer sex within the pages of the first issue of **1984**, I am inclined to make the reasonably secure deduction that your execrable editor harbors a blatant, perhaps unrealized hatred of women. What did we ever do to you, huh, guy?

**SUE MCCARTHY**  
Souix City, Iowa

What's the matter with your erstwhile editor? Isn't he getting enough? Is that why he's getting his rocks off within the pages of **1984**?

**MORTON FORK**  
Ondia, S. Dakota

## BAPTISM OF FIRE?

You guys really believe in baptizing your readers with fire. It wasn't enough that you featured big bold yellow letters across the top of your cover that fairly screamed the words "illustrated adult fantasy!" No! You had to hurl us bodily into "The Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice!" Proof once and for all that you weren't messin' around when you said this was an **adult** magazine.

And yet, no other story could have led off your trend-setting new magazine. This one said it all.

**CAROL MORRISON**  
Ivanhoe, Minn.

I hadn't gotten past the first page "Last of the Really-Great All-American Joy Juice," when I had to turn back to the cover to see if **1984** really **was** a new magazine from **Warren**. Needless to say, it was, and is. And I was convinced that I held in my hands a new side of **Warren** that would revolutionize the comic world forever.

I half-heartedly expected nothing more than one of your usual horror titles. Not that they aren't good magazines. They were just what I needed three years ago. But since then, I've outgrown them.

**1984** reached out and gave me something I haven't experienced in years of comics collecting. **Excitement**. And profound, gratuitous **pleasure!**

"Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice" was revolutionary from beginning to end. It continued to amaze me. I couldn't put the story down. I sincerely believe you made a wise choice in presenting it first. It showed clearly that **Warren** is an old friend that has finally come of age.

**PAUL HILL**  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



I wish to express my disappointment with your writing and editing in the first issue of 1984. More specifically, I am disgusted with the use of the words **chink**, **Jap** and **nip** in the story "Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice!"

I realize that the characters' personalities call for somewhat saltier than usual dialogue. However, I feel that the aforementioned slurs were totally unnecessary to the story.

Perhaps you are not aware that the terms **chink**, **Jap** and **nip** are offensive. How long will it be before the casual use of such slurs in comic books spreads to general use in society? I am sure you are aware of your ability to communicate to thousands, and of your ability to influence the simple-minded minority which read your magazine. Perhaps you are also aware that because of your negligence, you have single-handedly undone all progress in inter-racial relations for which Japanese, Chinese and Caucasians have striven for centuries.

**CURTIS UYEDA**  
Palo Alto, Calif.

We have received many letters concerning our free use of certain words within these pages, Curtis. It has never been our intention to offend or alienate anyone, whether he is a member of a minority or simply abhors the use of certain socially unacceptable terms. Our editorial policy is to poke fun at many of the world's ills, past, present and future.

One of our prime targets is society's fear of words. Without standing on a soapbox, what we are trying to say, in as entertaining a manner as possible is: "Isn't it a shame that people fear our language?"

We apologize to you Curtis, and to any others who missed our point and took offense.

But we would be proud, not ashamed if 1984, in a small way "contaminated" the English language, and assisted in bringing "forbidden" words into general usage. Perhaps at that point humanity will no longer fear itself, and we will see words for what they truly are: symbols in assisting us to a better understanding.

## SEX: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT!

It occurs to me that every one of your artists and writers has been afflicted with an acute case of *Tour-ettes*' syndrome. I didn't know it was contagious.

**DR. RALPH THOMAS**  
Dade City, Fla.

I can't begin to tell you how much 1984 has improved my vocabulary.

**BARRY SMITH**  
Kingsport, La.



I want to thank you. You've given us the first comic book stories with **real** people. Characters with which I can identify, relate to, and **care** about: Protagonists who are strongly driven by their own omnipresent sexuality. People like us all, whom **Sigmund Freud** said, are motivated in our every action by **sex**.

I refer, of course, not only to your liberal usage of the English language, but to the adult themes in your stories, as well.

Take for instance the classic personality of Captain Spunky Bolt, the star sailor and closet homosexual in the lead story, "Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice." Initially, I was under the impression that this character's use of vulgarisms was employed for sheer **shock** value, or, because the more liberal climate in this country simply allowed you to at long last employ words and phrases that have long been taboo. I was **shocked**, quite frankly, into passive, non-thinking indignation. Then it hit me. Hey! This guy is a sailor of tomorrow. So how in the hell are sailors supposed to talk? It's role stereotyping with more than a grain of truth to lend it credibility. And yet, Spunky, unlike his real-life, present-day counterpart, refrained admirably from employing the common, now over-used term **fuck** in every other sentence. Your author/editor quite wisely thrust more colorful euphemisms between his lips, which lent exactly the right temper to Spunky's personality.

Not only was the character speaking quite naturally for a man of his position, but he was covering up his own rampant homosexuality with words and actions that made him sound and seem more like a robust heterosexual "man!"

That aspect didn't occur to me, I admit, until the final panel of the story. But I wonder how many others missed this marvelous little bit of literary subtlety because they were too upset or too hung-up on

the use of socially questionable discourse to see the intricate and subtle shades of characterization which your excellent author/editor employed.

Then, on the other extreme, there is the tragically beautiful Clarissa, from the truly moving ode, "Once Upon Clarissa."

She did not betray her proper upbringing by employing common or colorful vulgarisms. She showed that she was a verbally eloquent lady, motivated by one all-consuming desire: to give birth.

I truly felt for Clarissa. I cried for her. I laughed with her. For me, she was as real, as exciting as any woman I've known. **More** real, **more** exciting, **more** alive than most of the cardboard Farrahs, Raquels or Barbie dolls walking around today. And yet, there isn't the remotest trace of socially questionable intercourse in the entire story. Which makes it even clearer to me that your author/editor is not exploiting the language nor corrupting his responsibilities for a cheap shot at greater magazine sales. He is using English language artfully and quite professionally. And I only hope that those flaunting less intelligence than he has shown, by rebuking his use of **words**, will eventually overcome their own fear of simple words, and enjoy the flawless, discerning entertainment that is to be found within the pages of 1984.

**SCOTT ASHTON**  
Queens, N.Y.

## PORTRAIT OF MORE TO COME?

Based on my vast experience with comics (or funnies if you wish), I predict that 1984 will serve up some excellent, inspired material for the first few issues. An abbreviated period of literary and artistic stagnation will follow. If we're lucky, there will be a feeble rally. But eventually, the magazine will succumb to sagging sales. We'll see an early death, and a reclassification to comic book legendry. And a few years from now we'll all be saying, "Remember '78 when '84 was being published? Man, those were the days!"

**Puh-leeeeeease!** Prove me wrong!

**L. PHILLIP DUQUESNE**  
Rapid City, Iowa

Let us calm your fears, Phillip. As one astute reader put it, "1984 is now and forever!" We'll still be here in 2001! As for what we are going to do about our name becoming outmoded by that glorious year, we still haven't figured out!

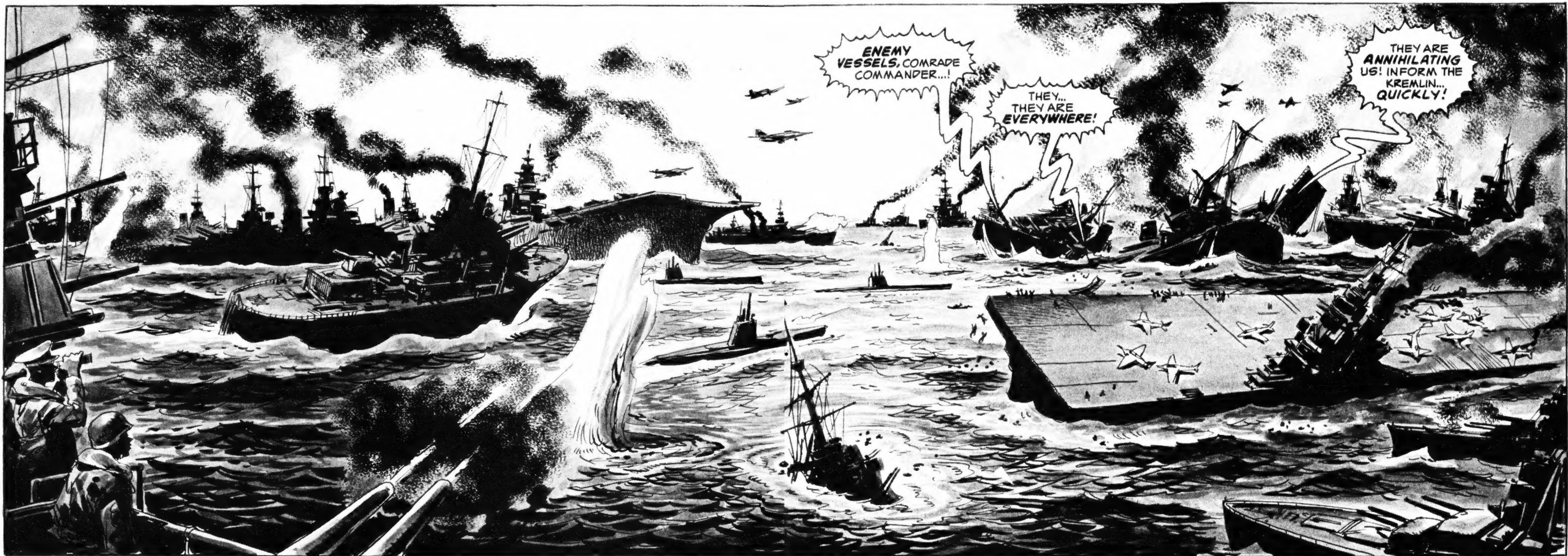
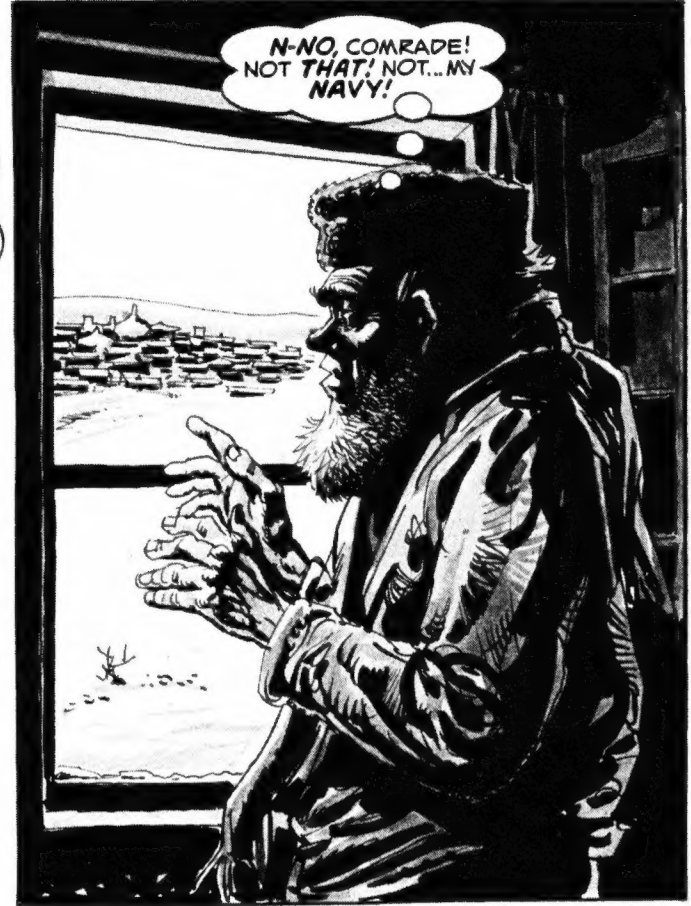
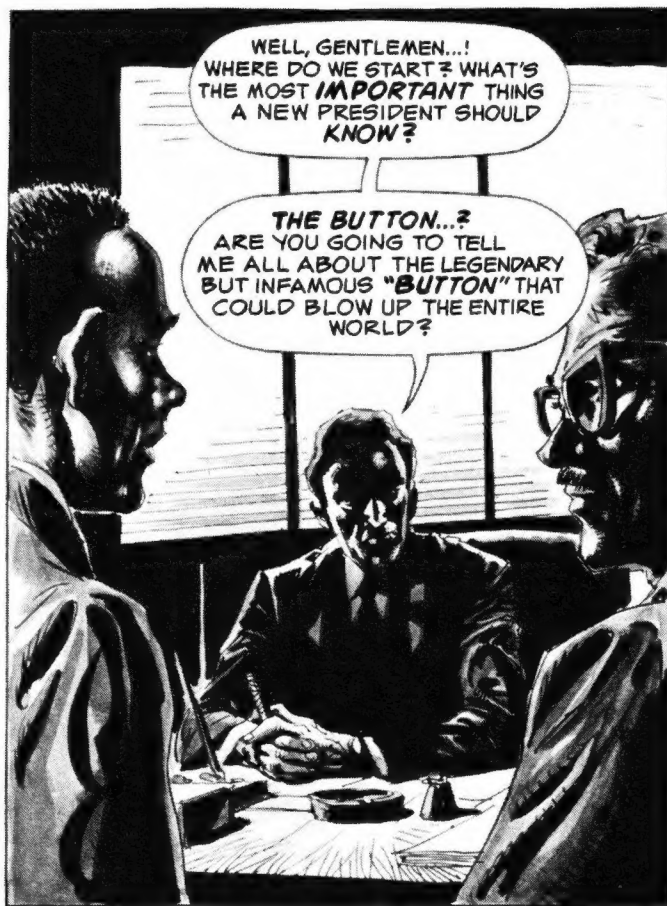
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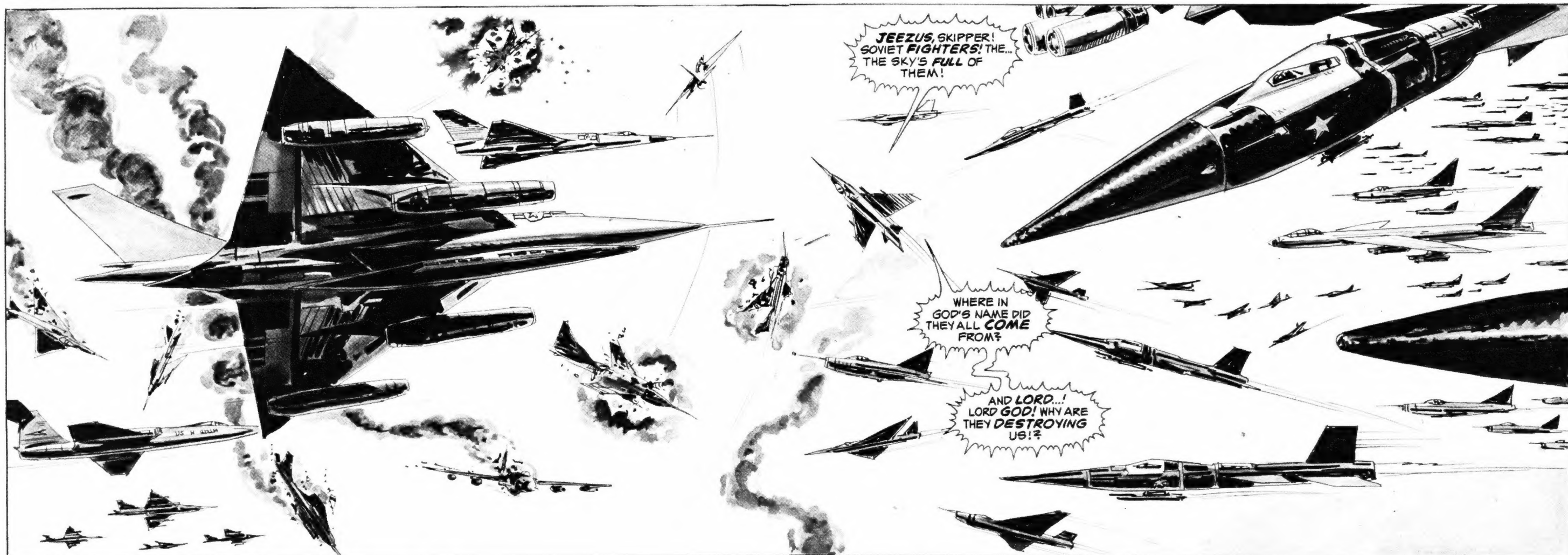
# SQUEEZIN'S!















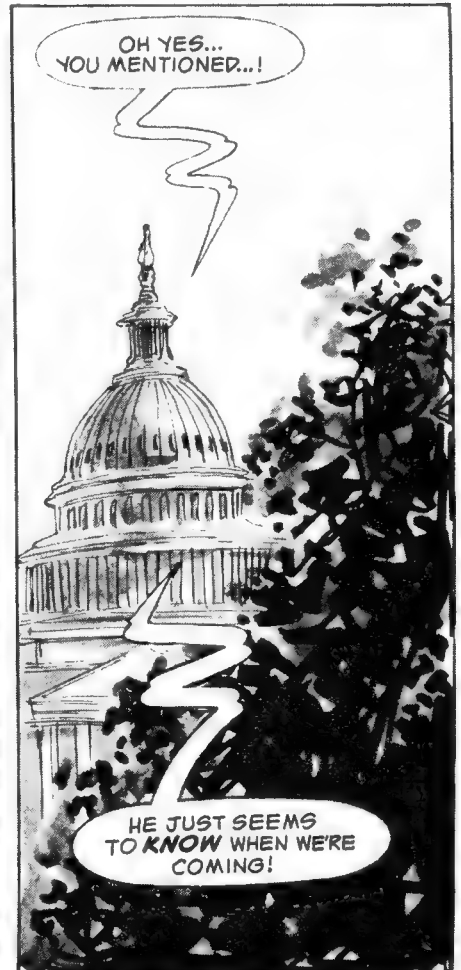
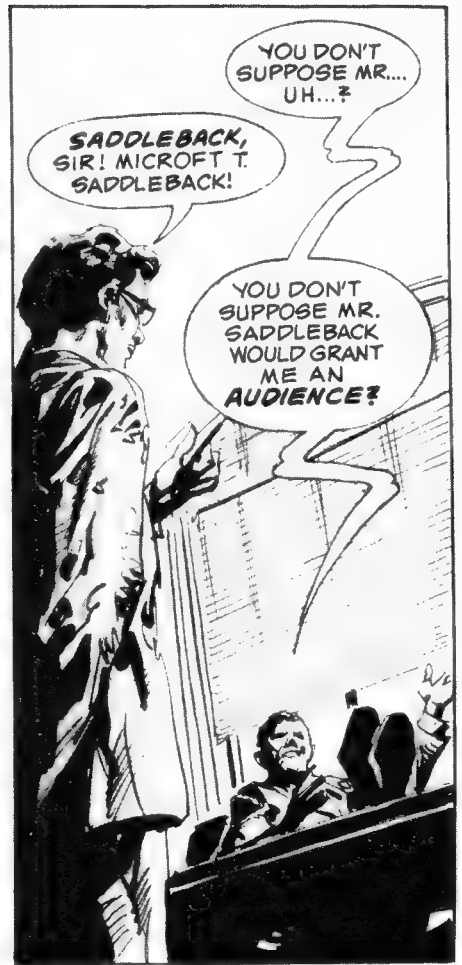




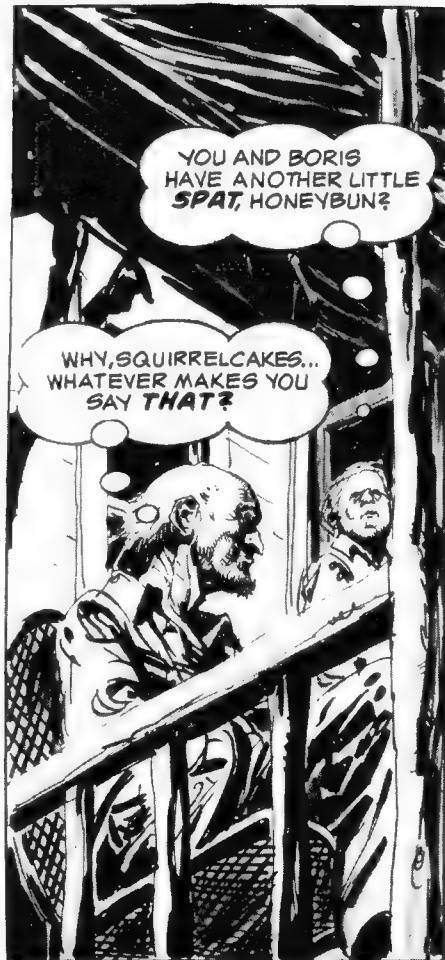














**HEY! YOU REMEMBER TRICKY DICK NIXON, DON'T YOU? SURE! WHO DOESN'T!? HE WAS THE POLITICAL OUTLAW WHO AMASSED ONE OF THE GRANDEST FORTUNES KNOWN TO MAN SIMPLY BY SELLING THE STORY OF HIS UNDER-THE-COUNTER PRESIDENTIAL SKULLDUGGERY TO THE MEDIA...**

**WELL IF TRUTH BE KNOWN, AND IF THERE WERE ANY HISTORIANS LEFT IN THIS GOD FORSAKEN, WAR-RAVAGED WORLD, I'M SURE THEY'D TRACE THE ROOT OF THE RECENT APOCALYPSE TO THAT HUMBLE RECLUSE OF SAN CLEMENTE.**

**OH, HE DIDN'T PUSH ANY BUTTONS OR ANYTHING AS GLORIOUS AS THAT. HELL NO. FIRST OFF, EVEN IF HE HAD THE BALLS, THEY NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM THE POWER. NOT AFTER HIS HUMILIATINGLY FEEBLE COMEBACK IN '84 WHEN HE WAS LITERALLY WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE POLITICAL MAP BY PRESIDENT-ELECT BELLA ABZUG.**

**WHAT DICK NIXON DID WAS SHOW OUR GOVERNMENTAL VIZIERS THE NEED FOR PRANKSTERISM IN NATIONAL POLITICS: DIRTY TRICKS AND THE LIKE... TO SABOTAGE ALL UNAMERICAN "OPPOSITION!" JUST LIKE HIS BOYS DID AT WATERGATE!**



**SO, SOME YEARS AFTER HE LEFT OFFICE, WHAT THE WHITE HOUSE DID, WAS QUIETLY ADD TO THE ALREADY INFAMOUS ROSTER OF GOVERNMENT CLOAK-AND-DAGGER AGENCIES. JOINING THE C.I.A., C.I.R., F.B.I., SECRET SERVICE, G-2, S.N.I.C.K., S.N.A.C.K., AND THE NATIONAL SECURITY ORGANIZATION, WAS D.D.T., OR THE DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS, AS IT WAS KNOWN IN WASHINGTON LONGESE.**

**IT WAS HEADED BY LONG-TIME TRICKSTER AND NIXON CONFIDENCE MAN, HOWARD HUNT, WHO CONSIDERED IT HIS PATRIOTIC DUTY TO RECRUIT THE MEANEST, VILEST, MOST SADISTIC MOTHER-REAMERS THIS SIDE OF SOUTHERN MONGOLIA, TO UNDERTAKE THOSE GOOD-HUMORED "PRANKS" WHICH WOULD KEEP AMERICA SOUND!**



# WHATEVER HAPPENED TO IDI AMIN?



THEY CALLED ME **DOGMEAT** BECAUSE AFTER TEN YEARS WITH THE DEPARTMENT, THAT'S WHAT I USUALLY MADE OUT OF MY "VICTIMS!"



LOOK! THIEF RUN! HIM HIDE IN BIG STONE LADY!

WE CATCH HIM! WE EAT HIM! HIM MAKE BETTER MEAL THAN GIANT RATS!

I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU... HE DIDN'T GO AROUND MAKING SEXUALLY DEGRADING STATEMENTS ABOUT MISS LIL! I MEAN MR. LILLIAN AGAIN. OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER.

THEY WOULD HAVE TO SHOW UP JUST AS I WAS GETTING READY FOR MY MORNING MEAL! SHIT!

VICTIMS? YEAH! FOR LACK OF A BETTER TERM, THAT'S WHAT WE CALLED THEM. **MARKS. DUPES. SACRIFICES. PREY!** IT ALL ENDED UP THE SAME. IF THEY SAID OR DID DIRTY TO THE U.S.O.F.A., SOONER OR LATER HOWLING HOWARD SENT US AFTER THEM...

IT WAS MY ASSIGNMENT TO TEACH THAT SMUTTY MOTHER NOT TO SPREAD VICIOUS **GOSSIP** ABOUT OUR CITIZENRY. SO, GOODNATURED FELLOW THAT I AM, I HAD THE GENITALIA OF A GREAT BLUE **WHALE** GRAFTED ONTO HIS GROIN DURING ONE OF HIS ON-THE-SLY VISITS TO COPENHAGEN'S **OSTERGADE**.



THEN THERE WAS THE TIME IN BULGARIA... WHEN **TODOR ZHIVKOV**, THE FLIPPANT SECRETARY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY, IN ELOQUENT BULGARIAN, CALLED PRESIDENT ABZUG THE ILLEGITIMATE OFFSPRING OF A HORSE'S ASS...

I NEEDN'T MENTION WHAT WE GRAFTED ONTO **TODOR**. THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT THAT... FROM THE REAR YOU COULDN'T TELL HIM OR BELLA APART!

YEAH...! THEY GAVE ME THE NASTY-ASS **PHYSICAL** TASKS. THOSE ASSIGNMENTS THAT DEMANDED A **CONNOISSEUR'S** TOUCH WHEN IT CAME TO POETIC IRONY...

WHY VENTURE IN-TO THE SQUALID OUT-DOORS WHEN I'VE GOT A NICE SAFE HIDE OUT IN-**SIDE** OLD LADY SPHINX...?

OH, I NEVER DID THE ACTUAL "CUT AND PASTE" ON ANY OF MY WORK. I HAD A **SPECIALIST** FOR THAT. MY FORTE LAY STRICTLY IN DESIGNING THE "BLUE-PRINTS."

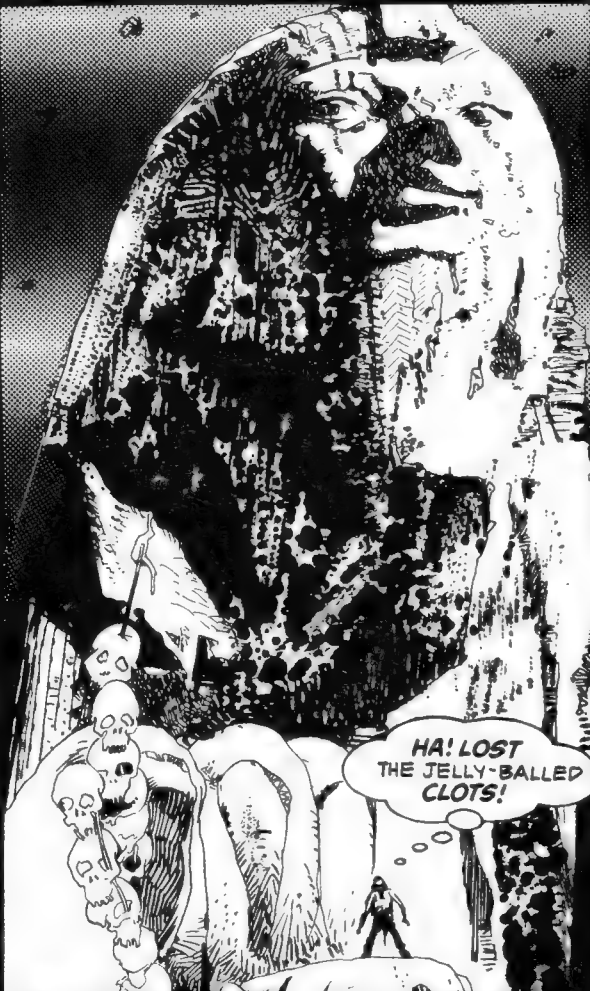


HUH!? H-HEY...WHAT GIVES?



I COULD GO RAT-HUNTING...BUT THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT THE RATS'D END UP HUNTING ME!

ONE OF MY MASTERPIECES WAS WHAT GOT THE WORLD IN-TO THIS MESS. IT INVOLVED **IDI AMIN**... PRESIDENT, FIELD MARSHAL, DOCTOR AND JESTER OF TINY **UGANDA** IN AFRICA...

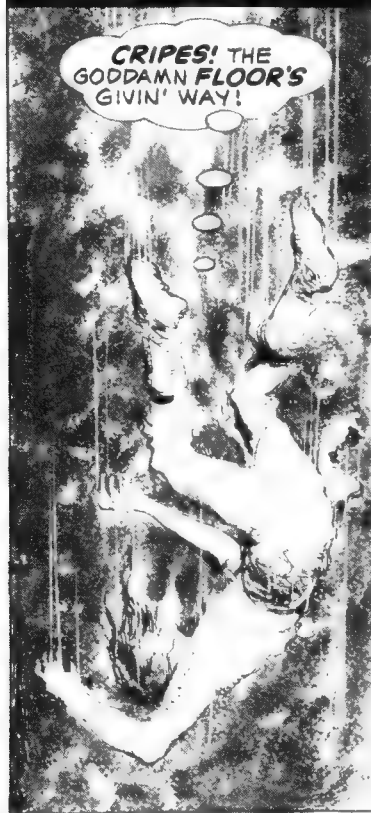


HA! LOST THE JELLY-BALLED CLOTS!

WITH ALL HUMILITY I MUST ADMIT THAT I WAS ONE OF THEIR **BETTER** OPERATIVES. THEY HANDED ME ONLY THE **TOUGHEST** JOBS. THOSE THE OTHER AGENTS DIDN'T HAVE THE CUBES TO UNDERTAKE. LIKE **MOKHTAR OULD DADDAH**, PRESIDENT OF MAURITANIA, WHO SPREAD THOSE NASTY STORIES ABOUT LILLIAN CARTER'S SEX CHANGE BACK IN '82...



BEFORE I STARTED ON HIM, **IDI** WAS QUITE A **TERROR**. ONCE UP-ON A TIME HE WAS THE HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION OF THE ENTIRE UGANDAN ARMY. IT DOESN'T SEEM ALL THAT MANY YEARS AGO THAT HE WAS IN THE RING, TAKING THOSE PUNCHES TO THE HEAD WHICH EVENTUALLY GAVE HIM HIS GRAND **POLITICAL** ASPIRATIONS.



**CRIPES!** THE GODDAMN **FLOOR'S** GIVIN' WAY!

YOU PROBABLY READ BACK IN '71 WHERE **IDI** LED HIS ARMY AGAINST **MILTON OBOTE**, THEN UGANDA'S PRESIDENT, IN ONE OF THE DULLEST MILITARY COUPS OF THE CENTURY. OF COURSE, **MILT** WAS ON **VACATION** AT THE TIME, SO **IDI'S** BOYS DIDN'T MEET WITH A HELLUVA LOT OF RESISTANCE.

**OH GREAT!** AND RIGHT ABOVE THE **CRYOGENICS** CHAMBER, TOO!



**NEH! NEH!** HOW Y'DOIN', HELGA, OL' GAL...? YOU REMEMBER ME... DON'TCHA!?

THROUGHOUT THE SEVENTIES **IDI AMIN** RULED UGANDA WITH AN **IRON FIST**. HE CLAIMED THE COUNTRY'S **WEALTH** AS HIS OWN, SAMPLED THE CHARMS OF HIS FEMALE SUBJECTS AS HE **PLEASED**, AND REGULARLY **EXECUTED** THOSE WHOSE FACES HE DIDN'T LIKE.

DIPLOMATICALLY AND POLITICALLY, HE STEPPED ON THE TOES OF GARGANTUAN WORLD POWERS AND DIMINUTIVE PEONS ALIKE. HE WAS A MONGOLIAN CORN-HOLE **INTELLECTUALLY**, AND A SLAYERING NEANDERTHAL **PHYSICALLY**, WHO BUMBLING AND BRUISED HIS WAY THROUGH BOTH NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS!



I'M THE ONE WHO **PUT** YOU HERE ...TO KEEP THE RIFF-RAFF AWAY FROM OUR 'GUEST!'

HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT ANCIENT MASONRY WAS GONNA **CRUMBLE** UNDER MY FEET?

HIS FIRST YEAR IN OFFICE, HE ESTABLISHED **ENMITY** WITH **AMERICA**. HIS SECOND YEAR HE ALIENATED THE **RUSSIANS**. BY THE TIME HE'D BEEN IN OFFICE A **DECADE**, OL' **IDI** HAD COME CLOSER THAN ANYMAN IN HISTORY OF HAVING HIS COUNTRY BLOWN OFF THE FACE OF THE MAP BY ENGLAND, CHINA, FRANCE, ISRAEL, EGYPT, KENYA, ZAIRE, SOMALIA, TANZANIA AND LIECHTENSTEIN, SIMULTANEOUSLY!

AW **SHIT**, HELGA! **NOW** LOOK WHAT YOU'VE MADE ME DO...!



I'VE BUSTED THE FREON SEAL WHICH KEEPS OUR PRETTY **SNOOZING**...

NOT TO MENTION HIS **OWN** PEOPLE, THE **UGANDANS**, WHO IT WAS DISCOVERED, WERE ALL SET TO NUKE THEIR COUNTRY INTO **OBLIVION** JUST TO BE **RID** OF HIM...!





IT WASN'T ONLY WHAT IDI **DID**, IT WAS WHAT HE **SAID**, AS WELL, THAT GOT HIM ON THE INTERNATIONAL SHITLIST!



IT SEEMED THAT THE ONLY TIME IDI AMIN OPENED HIS **MOUTH** WAS SO THAT HE COULD FREELY MOVE HIS **FEET**.

**DAMMIT!**  
THERE'S NO WAY TO TURN IT **OFF!**  
SHE... SHE'S **AWAKENING...**  
STRETCHING...  
COMING TO **LIFE...**

LIKE THE TIME HE **NAMED** HIMSELF "PRESIDENT, KING, CHANCELLOR, PREMIER, CONQUERER AND MASTER OF THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA, AND UGANDA IN PARTICULAR!"



OF COURSE, NO ONE TOOK HIM **SERIOUSLY**. THE WORLD SIMPLY FIGURED THAT EITHER HE HAD AN UNEXPECTEDLY **WARPED** SENSE OF HUMOR... OR THAT IDI AMIN WAS EVEN MORE **PUNCHDRUNK** THAN THEY'D BELIEVED ALL ALONG.

ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND SHE'LL BE **UNLEASHED** AGAIN ON AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD!

YET WHILE EVERYONE WAS TRYING TO FIGURE HIM OUT, SLY-AS-A-SNAKE IDI WAS MAKING READY TO TAKE OVER AFRICA **PERMANENTLY...** AND THROW THE REST OF THE WORLD IN AS A SORT OF **CRACKER-JACK PRIZE!**

WHAT HE DID WAS ENLIST THE AID OF A FEW **NAZI** SCIENTISTS LEFT OVER FROM THE GRAND AND GLORIOUS DAYS OF **WORLD WAR II**. AGED, BORDERING ON THE SENILE, BUT NONETHELESS-SENILELY **BRILLIANT**, HE PAID THEM HANDSOMELY TO CONCOCT A WEAPON THAT WOULD OBLITERATE ANYONE NOT OF HIS **MASTER RACE!**



IF THERE'S ANYBODY LEFT IN WASHINGTON... AND THEY GET WIND OF THIS...

THESE "**ETHNIC WEAPONS**," AS THEY WERE CALLED, WERE NOT SOMETHING TOTALLY NEW. **HITLER** HAD HIS SCIENTISTS WORKING ON THEM IN 1939, AS AN EFFECTIVE **PERMANENT** SOLUTION TO THE "JEWISH PROBLEM."

FORTUNATELY, THOUGH, **HITLER'S** WEAPONS WERE NEVER PERFECTED. THEY JUST DIDN'T HAVE THE SCIENTIFIC **KNOW-HOW** BACK THEN TO ISOLATE AND IDENTIFY THOSE SPECIFIC **GENES** WHICH DETERMINED INDIVIDUAL **RACIAL** CHARACTERISTICS.

LACKING THAT, IT WAS **IMPOSSIBLE** TO COME UP WITH THE RIGHT COMBINATION TO PRODUCE RACIALLY SELECTIVE **WEAPONS!**



... THEY ARE GOING TO BE **PEEE-lllllised!**



BUT IDI HAD FIFTY YEARS OF TECHNOLOGY ON HIS IDOL ADOLF. IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, HE **HAD** HIS ETHNIC ARSENAL: SMALL, COMPACT CONVENTIONAL MISSILES, THAT WHEN LAUNCHED, COULDEFFECTIVELY **DECIMATE** ANYONE AND EVERYONE OF WHITE, RED, BROWN, YELLOW OR EVEN POLKA-DOT COMPLEXION.

ONLY IDI AMIN'S **BLACK MASTER RACE** WOULD BE **SPARED**! AT LAST HE HAD THE MEANS TO MAKE HIMSELF **MASTER OF AFRICA AND THE WORLD**!

MAYBE THERE'S **STILL** A CHANCE... ONE LAST PYGMEAN HOPE THAT I CAN REACH THE ELECTRICAL OUTLET...AND PULL THE GENERATOR **PLUG**....!

NATURALLY, THE C.I.A., F.B.I., I.U.D. AD INFINITUM GOT **WIND** OF HIS DASTARDLY SCHEME. ALL OF THEM, NO DOUBT, SENT THEIR AGENTS INTO UGANDA IN A BELATED LAST-PITCH ATTEMPT TO **THWART** THE MADMAN'S DESIGNS.

GAAAAA!

I DIDN'T **THINK** I'D HAVE A FLY'S PRICK OF A CHANCE TO PULL IT OFF!

"**DISPOSAL**" WAS THE PLAY, BUT ONLY **D.D.T.** HAD THE FORESIGHT TO REALIZE THAT ASSASSINATION WOULD **NEVER** WORK, CHIEFLY BECAUSE "IDI'S STATE RESEARCH BUREAU... HIS SECRET POLICE... HAD HIM **TOO** WELL GUARDED."

JUST MY LUCK! **IDI AMIN** LIVES AGAIN!!

WHAT WAS NEEDED WAS A PLAN WITH MORE **DASH**, MORE **DARING**, MORE **FLAIR**, TO ELIMINATE AMIN EFFECTIVELY. THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN. ME AND MY MANIACAL PLOT TO SAVE THE **WORLD**...!



WE GAMBLLED THAT EASY IDI WOULDN'T **DARE** LOOSE HIS ETHNIC MISSILES IF THERE WERE THE REMOTEST POSSIBILITY OF HIS BEING ON THE **RECEIVING** END OF THEIR "WARHEADS"

VISIONS OF THAT ANCIENT HOLLYWOOD FILM FLOODED MY BRAIN... WHEREIN A RESPECTABLE BLACK ACCOUNTANT AWOKE ONE MORNING TO FIND HIMSELF AN ALABASTER SHADE OF **WHITE**.

SO "OPERATION: **WATERMELON MAN**" WENT INTO PLAY, AND OUR BOYS DOWN IN THE DIRTY TRICKS LAB BEGAN COMING UP WITH ALL KINDS OF MARVELOUS WAYS TO TRANSFORM IDI AMIN INTO AN **ALBINO**.



**UGHHHN!**  
ME JUST HAVE REAL SHITKICKER OF NIGHTMARE! DREAM ME **GIRL** WITH YUCHIE WHITE SKIN!

ER... **SORRY**, ID... THAT WAS NO NIGHTMARE!

YET, THERE DIDN'T SEEM MUCH CHANCE OF **THAT** AS LONG AS HE RETAINED THE SKINTONE OF A STUMP-TAILED **APE!**



**GAAAA!**  
IS TRUE. ME AM **GIRL!**

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, GUY...! AT LEAST YOU'RE ONE HELLUVA **LOOKER!**

WHY COULDN'T THE SAME THING HAPPEN TO **IDI AMIN**, I ASKED? THE THE ANSWER WAS SIMPLE, IT **COULD!**



YOU REALLY THINK SO?

WE REASONED THAT IF **IDI AMIN**, OF ALL PEOPLE, COULD WORK WONDERS DELVING INTO OUR GENES, WHY THEN COULDN'T **WE** WREAK UTTER HAVOC ON **HIS?**

AND YET, IF WE WERE GOING TO TAMPER WITH **GENES**, WHY **LIMIT** OURSELVES TO SIMPLY ALTERATION OF **SKIN TONE**? A **UNIVERSE** OF OPPORTUNITY BECAME OURS FOR THE TAKING. WE IMAGINED IDI AS EVERYTHING FROM A SPINELESS **BLOB** TO A MALAYAN **WARTHOG**.



**HEY!** I HAVEN'T **SEEN** A WOMAN IN SIX MONTHS. EVEN BEASTLY **BELLA** WOULD LOOK GOOD TOME ABOUT NOW.

IN THAT CASE, IS OKAY! AS LONG AS YOU NOT HAVE **WISE-GUY** IDEAS!



WHO... **ME?** **ID**, MY FRIEND, **THAT'S** THE FURTHEST THING FROM MY MIND!

THE ONLY THING I'M INTERESTED IN NOW IS **FOOD**.



**YES!** **IS** HUNGRY IN HERE! WE **EAT!** THEN YOU ANSWER QUESTIONS!

EVENTUALLY, WE SETTLED ON A FORM THAT ESPOUSED **ALL** THAT IDI DESPISED: **WHITE, ANGLO-SAXON** AND **FEMALE**. IT WAS **PERFECT!**

**YEAH!** THAT WOULD BE NICE. UNFORTUNATELY, MY CUPBOARD IS **BARE**, EXCEPT FOR SOME **MOLDY RATMEAT** LEFT OVER FROM LAST WEEK'S RAID ON THE **SLIME-MUTES!**





WE PUSHED ALL THE RIGHT GENETIC BUTTONS AND CAME UP WITH A **POWDER** THAT WHEN APPLIED TO THE **SKIN** WOULD PRODUCE THE DESIRED EFFECTS. WE BRIBED A MAID TO SPRINKLE THE POWDER FREELY ON IDI'S **CHARMIN**, THEN SMUGGLY SAT BACK AND WAITED FOR HIM TO DO THE **REST**!



MMMMMM!  
RATMEAT! IDI NOT  
HAVE RATMEAT SINCE  
KAKWA KICK HIM  
OUT FROM TRIBE!

IN THAT  
CASE...ENJOY.

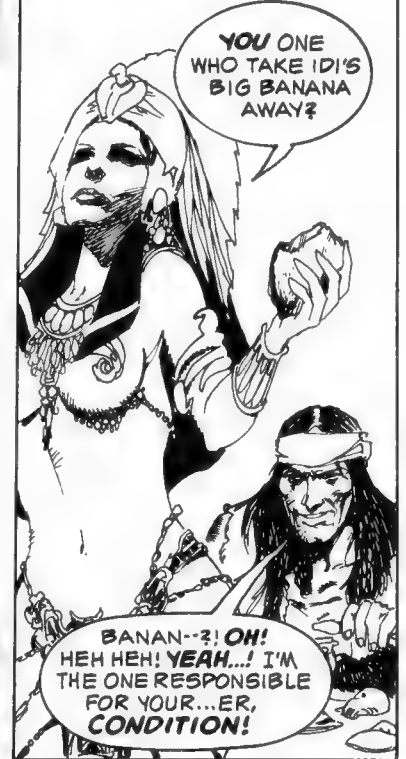
IT DIDN'T TAKE A GREAT DEAL OF TIME FOR OUR CONCOCTION TO TAKE **EFFECT**. ONE NIGHT OL' IDI WENT TO BED, SUSPECTING NOT A THING. THE NEXT MORNING HE AWAKENED TO THE SURPRISE OF HIS LASCIVIOUS YOUNG LIFE...!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, HIS SENTIMENT FOR HIS NEW-FOUND CHARMS WERE FAR LESS THAN OVERWHELMINGLY ENTHUSIASTIC. AFTER HE FINISHED BANGING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL, HE SIMPLY SLUMPED INTO A CHAIR... AND **CRIED**.



IT AIN'T  
HALF BAD ONCE  
YOU GET PAST THE  
**SMELL**.

OL' ID HAD ALWAYS CONSIDERED WOMEN **PLAYTHINGS**... MECHANISMS TO BE **USED**, **WALKED UPON** AND **DOMINATED**. BUT TO SUDDENLY WAKE UP AND FIND HIMSELF IN A WOMAN'S **BODY**...! **GOD!** THE UTTER **HUMILIATION** OF IT ALL!



YOU ONE  
WHO TAKE IDI'S  
BIG BANANA  
AWAY?

BANAN--?! OH!  
HEH HEH! YEAH...! I'M  
THE ONE RESPONSIBLE  
FOR YOUR...ER,  
**CONDITION!**

LET ME TELL YOU... FOR THE LONGEST TIME, WE TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF THROWING IDI TO THE **MASSSES**... OF GIVING HIM/HER OVER, AND LETTING HIS OLD **ARMY** BUDDIES HAVE SOME FUN...!



IDI HAVE  
TO CUT YOU  
**HEART**  
OUT, YOU  
KNOW!



LISTEN, GUY!  
CAN'T WE LET **BYGONES**  
BE **BYGONES**? SO I  
SCREWED UP YOUR SEX  
LIFE. THE SHAPE THE  
WORLD'S IN, YOU'RE  
**BETTER OFF!**

AGHHHHH!  
IT **PRINCIPLE** OF  
THING! YOU MAKE  
**MONKEY** OUT OF  
GREAT **IDIAMIN**!



ANYBODY EVER  
TELL YOU YOU'RE  
**GORGEOUS** WHEN  
YOU'RE **PISSED**?



YEEEEEEUCHH!  
SICK-MINDED CAPITALIST  
**PREVERT!** TOUCH IDI  
AGAIN AND...YOU  
**DIE!!**



HEY NOW!  
TAKE IT **EASY**.  
SO I GOT A LITTLE  
**FRISKY!** IT WON'T  
HAPPEN  
AGAIN!  
**PROMISE!**

WE WERE **SADISTIC**, WE WERE **HEARTLESS**, AND I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT MAYBE WE GOT A LITTLE **CARRIED AWAY!** BUT THAT'S HOW WE WERE DOWN THERE AT **D.D.T.**...FUN-LOVING, **SPIRITED** FOLK WITH MARVELOUS SENSES OF **HUMOR!**





YOU ANSWER **QUESTIONS**, THEN IDI CUT OUT YOUR HEART!

WHERE IS THIS PLACE? IS NOT IDI'S PRECIOUS **HOMELAND**!

HOW YOU GET IDI AWAY FROM LOYAL GUARDS?

AND WHY YOU **DO** THESE TERRIBLE THINGS? IDI NOT SUCH **BAD GUY**!



SHIT, **NO**, ID... YOU'RE A **PEARL**! WE JUST DID IT CAUSE WE'RE MEAN, SHIT-EATING PRICKS!

**AHA!** IS AS I THOUGHT!

**CUT** THE CRAP, MAN! YOU **KNOW** WE WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE JUST SO YOU WOULDN'T START **WORLD WAR III**.

WE CONCOCTED A COVER STORY CLAIMING THAT YOU'D BEEN **ASSASSINATED**...

... THEN **SMUGGLED** YOU OUT OF UGANDA WITH HELP FROM YOUR LOYAL "FRIENDS."



WE GOT AS FAR AS HERE... **EGYPT**... TO **D.D.T.'S** SECRET HEADQUARTERS, LOCATED IN THE BASE OF THE SPHINX.

WE PLACED YOU IN **SUSPENDED ANIMATION**, WHERE YOU SHOULD HAVE REMAINED ASLEEP FOR THE NEXT FIVE HUNDRED MILLENNIA.

WE WANTED YOU **OUT** OF THE WAY, GUY... BECAUSE IDI AMIN IN **ANY** FORM IS STILL **IDI AMIN**... AS **DANGEROUS**, AS **UNPREDICTABLE** AS ALWAYS!

IS NICE OF YOU TO **SAY** SO!

BUT SOMEHOW, SOMEONE GOT **WIND** OF OUR DASTARDLY DEED... SOME OF YOUR OWN PEOPLE IN **UGANDA**.

WHEN THEY LEARNED THAT YOU WERE ALIVE AND HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN EGYPT, THEY **BOMBED** HOLY SHIT OUT OF THE COUNTRY... AND STARTED THE WAR **WITHOUT** YOU!

**GOOD!** SHOULD **TEACH** YOU NOT TO MESS WITH IDI'S ARMY!

**QUEEN**, ID. YOU'RE FORGETTING.

KING, QUEEN, IT NOT MATTER. IDI AMIN STILL **TOPS**!

YEAH, BUT **TOPS** OF **WHAT**? THERE AIN'T NOBODY **LEFT**, M'FRIEND!

JUST SHOWS IDI **STILL** LOVED ENOUGH TO BE **KING** OF **WORLD**!







THOSE  
THE WAR  
DIDN'T  
WASTE  
WERE  
TRANSFORMED  
INTO  
WARTCRUSTED  
SLIME-MUTES!

ALL THE BETTER!  
THAT MEANS IDI **STILL**  
PRETTIEST IN  
WHOLE WORLD!

IS **STILL**  
**SMARTEST**  
AND  
**BRIGHTEST!**  
BRIGHTER  
EVEN THAN  
**SUN** IN  
SKY!

**STILL?**



IS **THIEF!**  
THIEF WITH **PRETTY**  
**GIRL!**

THEN  
WE EAT  
**GIRL!**  
MMMM-  
MMMM!

**KILL**  
THIEF! **EAT**  
THIEF!

LEGEND  
OF **IDI AMIN**  
IS GREATER  
THAN  
ALL OF  
**UNIVERSE...!**

UH OH!  
**ID!**

ER... **ID...**!  
Y'THINK Y'CAN **BREAK**  
IT **OFF** A SEC,  
PAL?

I'VE GOT THIS  
TERRIBLE FEELING  
WE'RE IN **DEEP**  
**SHIT!**

ME AND  
**GOD, BOY...**!  
ALL THE  
**WAY!**



**AGHHHHH!**  
**KILL THEM BOTH!**



BUT  
**IDI NOT**  
**FINISHED!**

**EAT!**

**EAT!**

UNLESS  
WE MOVE  
OUR  
ASSES  
WE ARE!

**KILL!**

**KILL!**



**C'MON!**  
THEY'VE CUT US  
OFF FROM THE  
SPHINX. WE'VE  
GOT TO BEAT IT  
FOR THE  
**DESERT.**

YOU NOT  
GETTING **FRESH**  
WITH **IDI**  
AGAIN?

**YEAH!**  
WHY DON'T WE  
GET DOWN AND  
**DO IT** RIGHT  
**HERE!**

**WHA--!?**

JUST  
**JOKING, ID!** JUST  
**JOKING.**





HEY! YOU PRETTY FAST FOR SLOW-WITTED CAPITALIST DOG!

YOU LEAVE MUTE-SLIMES IN DUST!

THAT'S SLIME-MUTES, IDI.

WHATEVER!

WHERE WE GO NOW? YOU GOT PALACE HIDDEN AWAY FOR IDI?

**PALACE!**  
BUDDY, THE CLOSEST THING YOU'RE GONNA COME TO A PALACE THESE DAYS, IS A COMMUNAL SLIME-MUTE DUMP-HOLE!

NOW HOW'S ABOUT YOU GETTIN' DOWN AND WALKING ON THOSE TWO PRETTY FEET WE GAVE YOU!?



NO! IDI NOT MOVE UNTIL IDI GETS PALACE!

IDI WANT FORTY ROOM PALATIAL HOME... SUR-ROUNDED WITH DANCING GIRLS WHO PERFORM ILLICIT ACTS UPON IDI'S BODY...!

WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE '27 SILVER SHADOW, ALSO... WITH ROLL-BACK TOP AND MAG WHEELS!



LISTEN, ID...! THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH THAT PIGMEAT SKULL OF YOURS...!

THE WORLD'S NOT THE SAME, M'MAN. BECAUSE OF YOU AND ME AND A WHOLE SLEW OF PEOPLE LIKE US, OL' MUDBALL EARTH IS KNEE-HIGH IN STEAMING DOGSHIT!



OKAY, SO WE WERE BOTH LUCKY TO BE FAR ENOUGH UNDERGROUND WHEN THE BOMBS DROPPED. WE SURVIVED. BUT WE'RE FLUKES, MAN. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIND A HELLUVA LOT MORE LIKE US.

THAT MEAN NO PALACE?

WHATTAY'KNOW! I THINK I'M GETTIN' THROUGH.



THEN WHAT IDI DO?

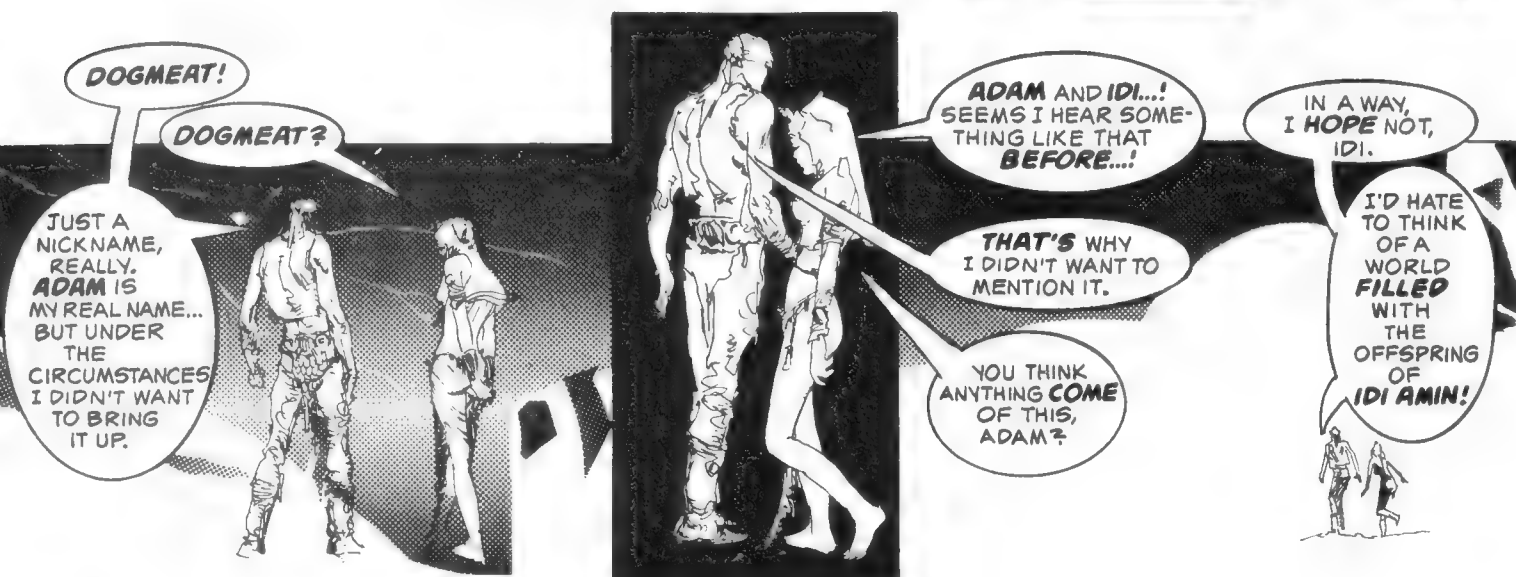
WE COULD START BY CURBING OUR ANIMOSITY FOR ONE ANOTHER. THE SIDES WE REPRESENT ARE LONG-GONE, MY FRIEND. THERE'S NO MORE REASON FOR WAR.



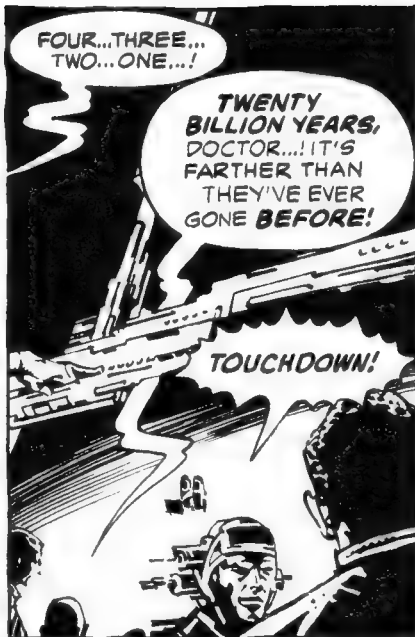
YOU'RE A WOMAN. I'M A MAN. WE SHOULD APPROACH OUR RELATIONSHIP SOLELY ON THAT LEVEL.

RELATIONSHIP!? IDI NOT SURE HE LIKE THAT WORD!

YOU THINK MAYBE WE BE JUST FRIENDS?













WILL...  
WILL THEY  
BE ABLE  
TO FIND  
IT,  
DOCTOR?

**DUMMHEAD!**  
YOU THINK VE WOULD  
SEND DEM TWENTY  
BILLION YEARS INTO  
DER PAST IF  
DERE VERE DER  
SLIGHTEST  
DOUBT?



DERE EQUIPMENT  
IS DER MOST SENSITIVE  
EVER DERVISED. IT VAS  
CREATED FOR DIS  
VERY PURPOSE.



YES...! I'M WELL-  
AWARE, RICHSTOFFEN...  
THAT IT WAS BUILT TO  
**SEEK OUT THE EARTH'S  
FIRST LIVING  
ORGANISM.**



SO THIS IS  
WHERE IT ALL  
BEGAN, HUH,  
COLONEL!?

THIS IS IT,  
BELASCO. WITHIN  
THIS SEA WAS BORN  
THE ORGANISM FROM  
WHICH ALL LIFE ON  
EARTH **DESCENDED!**

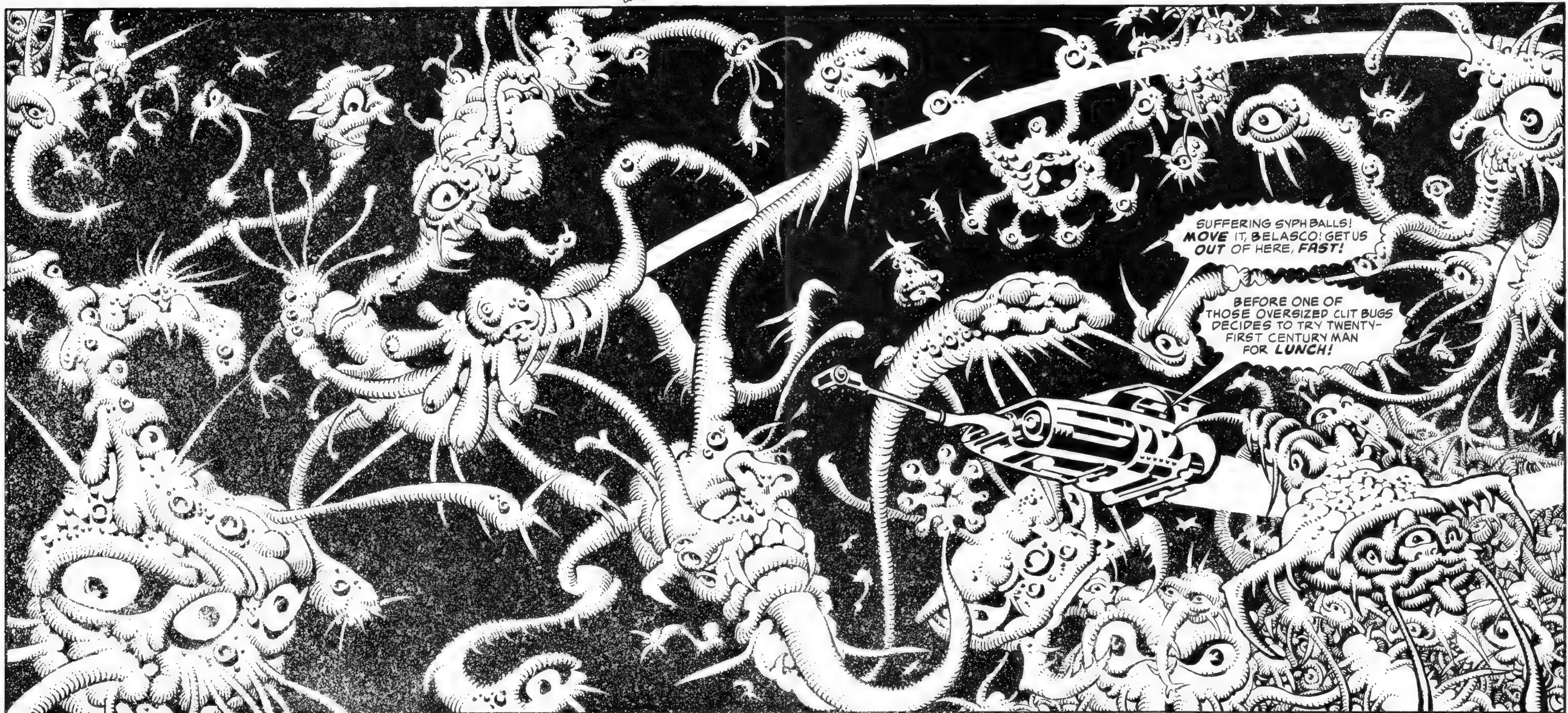


















AND...UNBEKNOWNST TO THE SCIENTISTS OF THE FUTURE, A STRANGE, ALIEN VESSEL BOBS SERENELY ON THE VIRGIN WATERS OF EARTH'S DISTANT PAST...! TWO GODS INHABITING ITS DECKS!

ΛΛΛΛΛΛ  
ΛΛΛΛΛΛ\*

ΛΛΛΛΛΛ  
ΛΛΛΛΛΛ\*

\* SHEEE-IT, ZORBB...! HOW CAN YOU DEFILE A VIRGIN WORLD LIKE THAT?

\*\* WHAT DEFILE? NATURE CALLS... AND I ANSWER LIKE THEY SAY...Y'GOTTA GO...Y'GOTTA GO!

ΛΛΛΛΛΛ\*

R-R-RIP!  
PLOP!  
PLOOP!

\* IT'S NOT THE KIND OF THING Y'WANNA LEAVE FLOATING AROUND IN THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE, Y'KNOW! NO TELLIN' WHO'S WINDSHIELD IT MIGHT HIT!

ΛΛΛΛΛΛ\*

ΛΛΛΛΛΛ\*

\* BESIDES...! WHAT'S IT TO HURT? TWENTY BILLION YEARS FROM NOW... THAT TURD MIGHT EVEN EVOLVE INTO THE DOMINANT LIFE SPECIES OF THIS PLANET!

\*\* RIGHT! A PLANET FULL OF WALKING TURDS! OH, ZORBB... YOU'RE A CARD!



# MUTANT WORLD

WHATCHA SEE, BUGS?  
Y'SEE SOME **FOOD**.  
DO YA... DO YA...  
DO YA?

**NAW!** JUST THE SAME,  
STARK, DEVASTATED  
LANDSCAPE THERE  
ALWAYS IS. NOTHING  
THAT MIGHT--! **OOOPS!**  
WAIT A MINUTE. SOME-  
THIN'S **MOVIN'** OUT  
THERE.

IS IT **FOOD**, BUGS? HUH?  
HUH? IS IT **FOOD**?

CAN'T MAKE IT OUT! LOOKS  
LIKE SOMETHIN' WALKIN'  
ON **TWO LEGS**.

LEMME **SEE!**  
LEMME **SEE!**

**AKKKK! BUGS!** LOOKY...LOOK  
HE HAS **FOOD**, BUGS! YUMMY  
YUMMY **FOOOOOD!**

AW, IT'S JUST THAT DUMB MUTANT  
**DIMENTO**. HE SEEMS TO BE  
CARRYING SOME KIND OF **SACK!**

MAYBE WE  
COULD EAT  
**HIM**, BUGS!  
HUH? MAYBE  
...MAYBE!

Y'DONT  
SAY...!

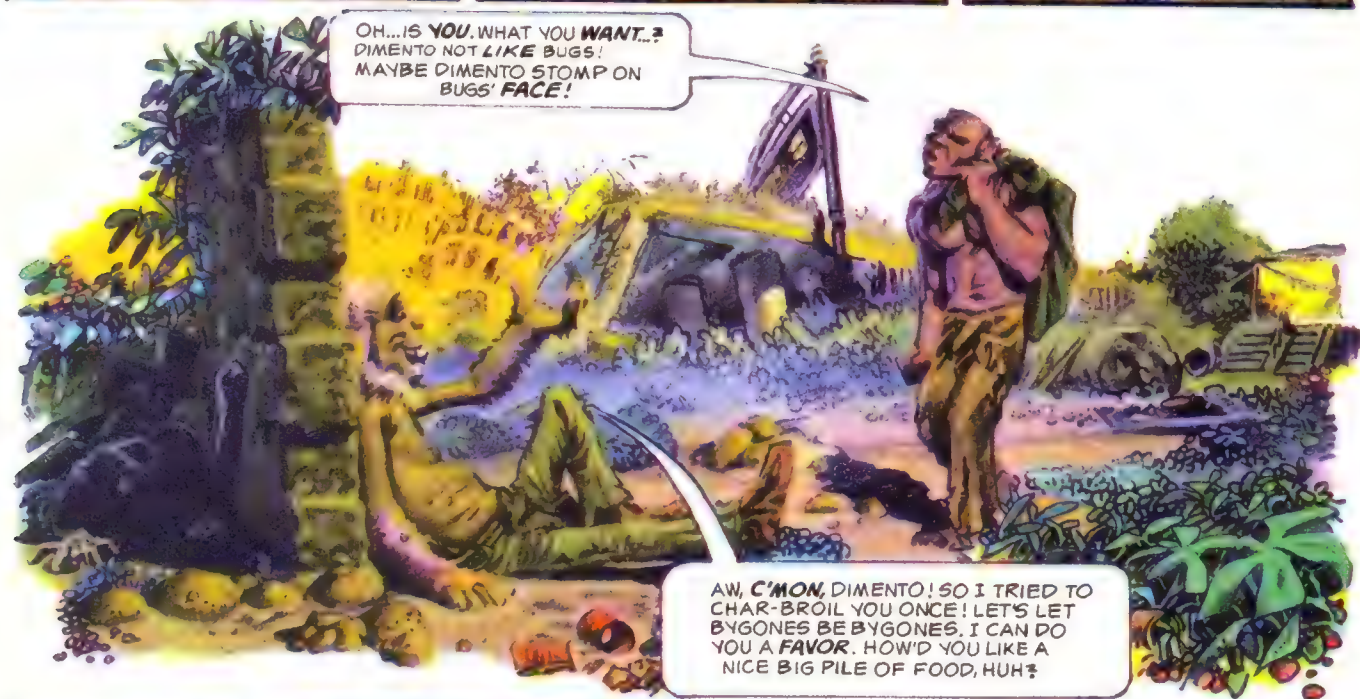
ARE WE GONNA **TAKE** THE  
**FOOD**, BUGS? ARE WE GONNA  
BASH HIS **BRAINS** IN? HUH?  
ARE WE ...ARE WE?

**FOOD...YES!**  
**BRAINS...NO!**  
I'VE GOT A  
**BETTER IDEA.**

STERNAD & CORBEN

Author: JAN STERNAD/ Illustrator: RICHARD CORBEN









HMM! MAYBE DIMENTO BE SNEAKY  
AND KEEP **ALL** FOOD HIM FIND!

OKAY...! IS  
DEAL WHERE  
FOOD?

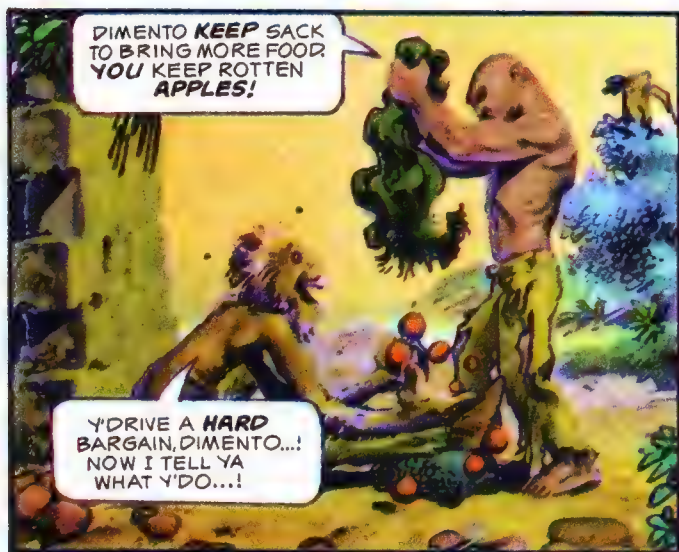
NOT SO **FAST**! HOW DO  
I KNOW YOU WON'T  
JUST **TAKE** THE FOOD  
AND **RUN OUT** ON  
ME?



LOOK AT  
DIMENTO **FACE**!  
AM THIS NOT  
FACE OF **HONEST**  
MAN?



WELL... I **DUNNO**! I'D FEEL  
BETTER IF YOU WERE TO  
LEAVE SOMETHING **BEHIND**  
AS A GESTURE OF FAITH.  
LET'S SEE, NOW...! HOW  
ABOUT THAT **SACK**?



DIMENTO **KEEP** SACK  
TO BRING MORE FOOD  
YOU **KEEP** ROTTEN  
**APPLES**!

Y'DRIVE A **HARD**  
BARGAIN, DIMENTO...!  
NOW I TELL YA  
WHAT Y'DO...!



WHY DON'T WE JUST TAKE  
THAT PILE OF FOOD **OUR**  
**SELVES**? WHY SPLIT IT  
WITH **THAT** BIG APE, HUH,  
BUGS! TELL ME...  
TELL ME!



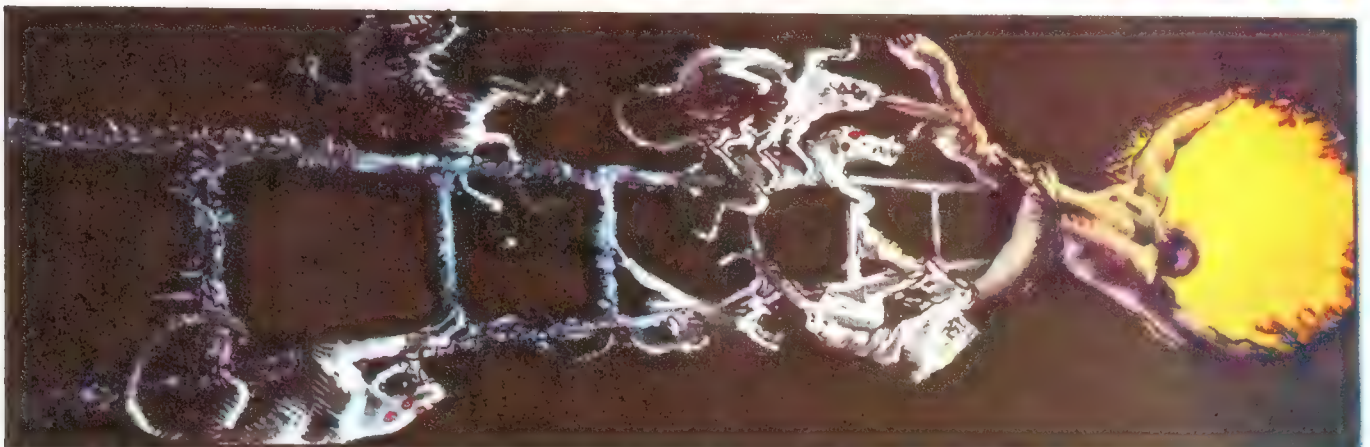
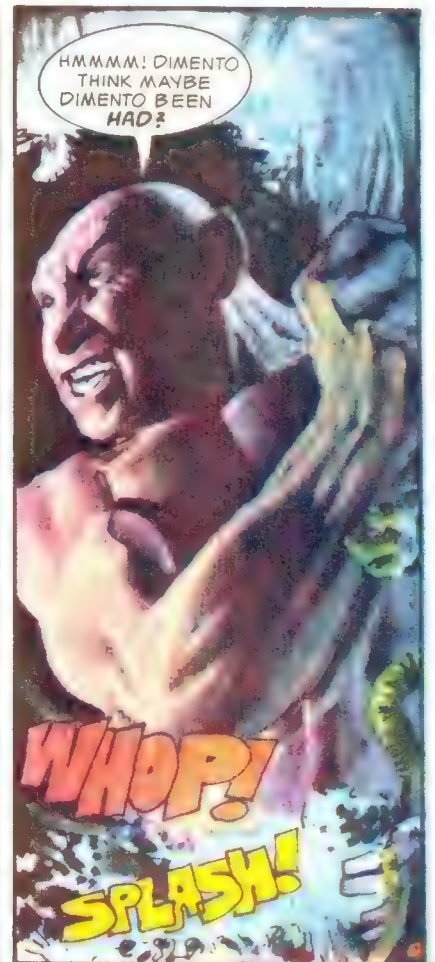
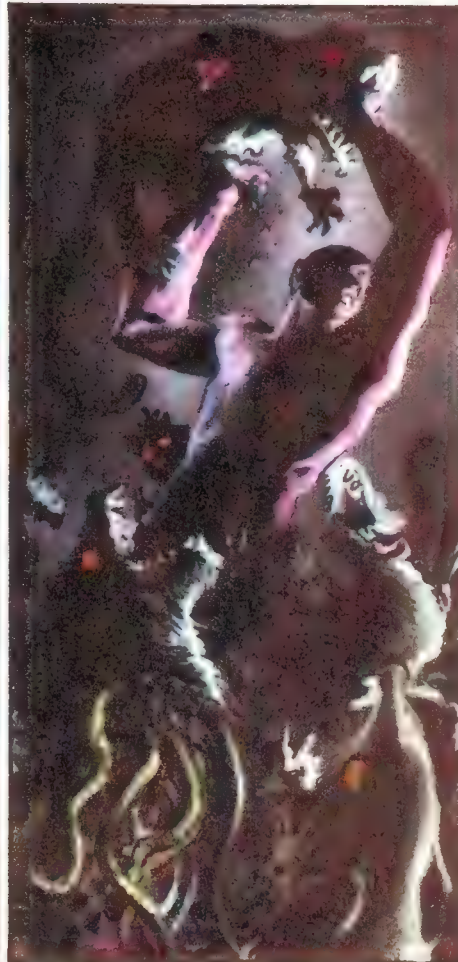
CREEPER, YOU DOPE!  
THERE **IS** NO FOOD...  
EXCEPT WHAT WE'VE  
GOT RIGHT **HERE**!

**AHHHHH!** FOOD! HEH!  
HEH! **DRÖOL**! BUGS...  
YOU ONE **SMART** FELLOW!

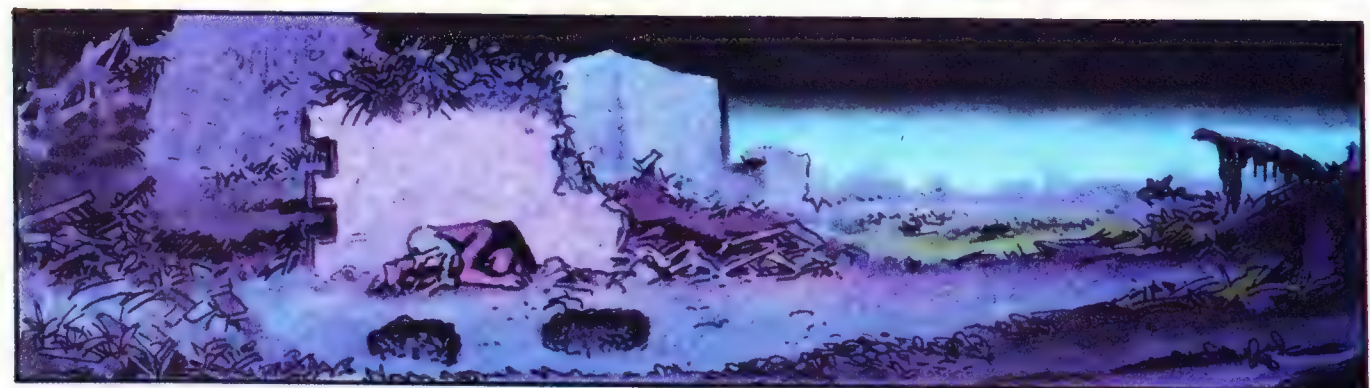
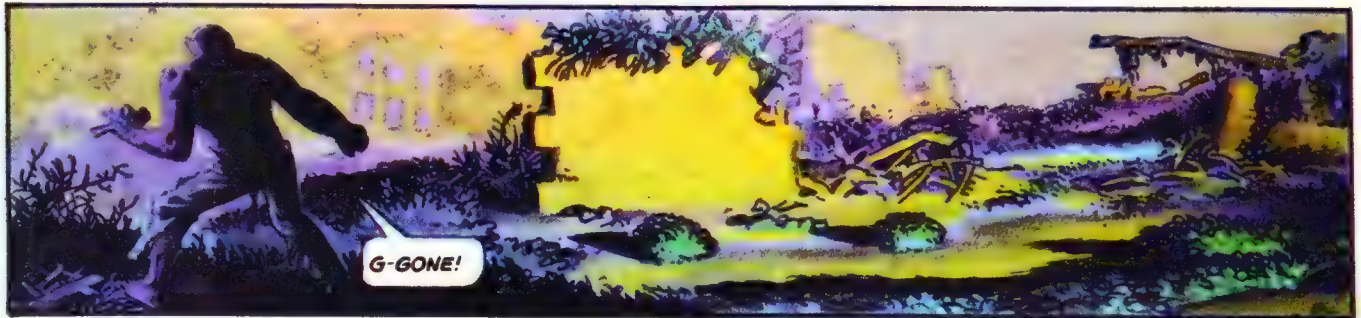




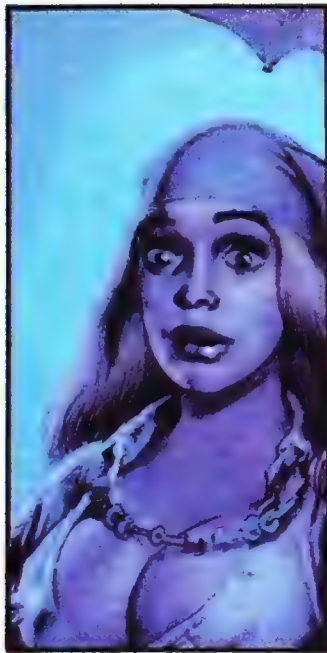
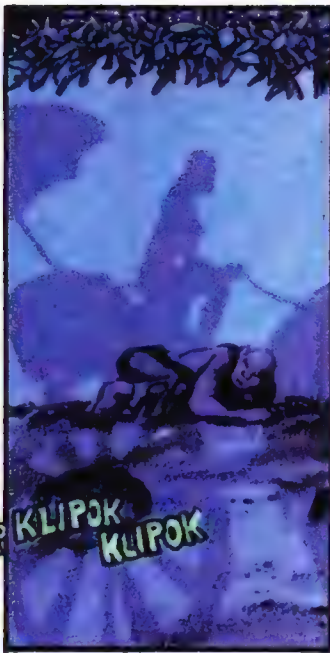




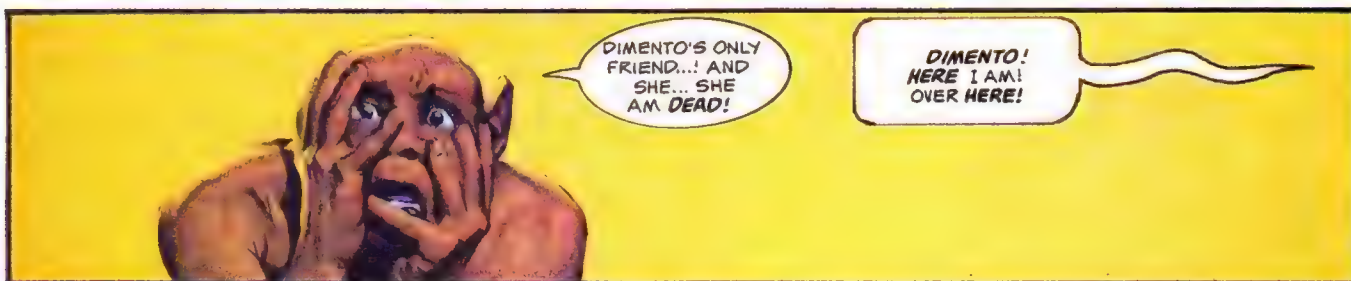






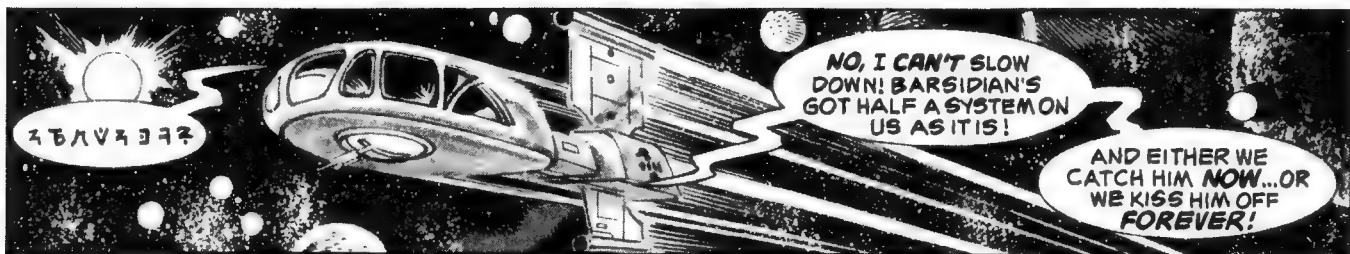
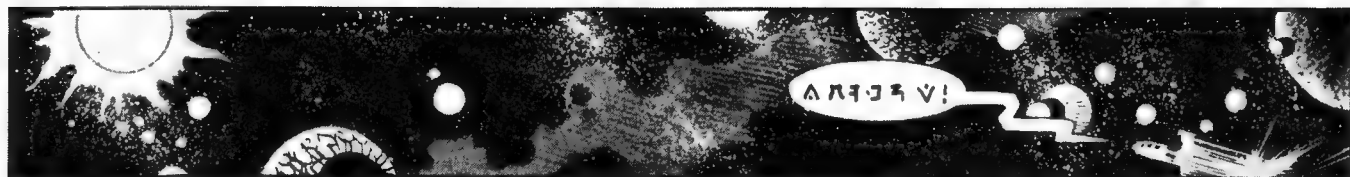






NEXT ISSUE: THE BIG SURPRISE! SIXTEEN PAGES OF ALL NEW FULL-COLOR DORBEN CLASSICS!











HE ISN'T A **BAD** SORT.  
HE JUST LETS HIS TEMPERA-  
MENTAL **GONADS** GET THE  
BEST OF HIM!

RIGHT NOW, OMAR  
SIMPLY BELIEVES THAT  
HE'S **BORED** WITH LIFE...  
SO HE'S RUNNING AWAY  
FROM ORGASTY IN  
SEARCH OF GREENER  
PASTURES!

ANY TIME  
YOU'RE READY,  
LOVE...!

AVJL9D+!



MAKE IT **EASY**  
ON YOURSELF, OMAR!  
GIVE UP THIS FOOL'S  
QUEST AND COME  
HOME!



AGHHHHH!  
METEORITES... DIS-  
LODGING MY OXY-MASK...  
KNOCKING ME OFF-  
COURSE!



OF ALL THE  
SHITTY **LUCK**! I'VE  
GOT TO GET INSIDE  
OMAR'S SHIP QUICK-  
LY OR IT'S CURTAINS  
FOR SWEET SALLY  
STARSLAMMER!



BEST WAY  
TO DO THAT...



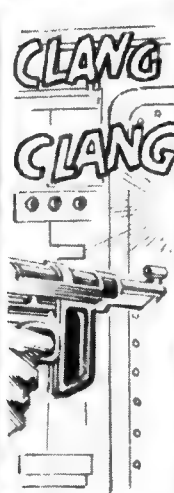
... IS WITH  
THIS EVER-HANDY  
**MAGNI-DISC!**



I'LL JUST  
ATTACH IT TO  
OMAR'S SHIP...  
AND REEL  
MYSELF  
IN!



THEN I'LL  
GIVE OMAR  
ONE MORE  
CHANCE, AND  
KNOCK  
**POLITELY** ON  
HIS DOOR!



SINCE HE DOESN'T  
ANSWER, I'LL SIMPLY  
HAVE TO BLOW HIS  
SWEETMEAT AWAY!

SUCH  
A SILLY  
WASTE!





SO THE TOOLING BUFFOONS'VE SENT LITTLE SALLY STARSLAMMER FOR ME, EH!? HA HA! SURELY, THE BRAINLESS TWIT DOESN'T THINK SHE CAN BRING ME BACK TO THAT HELLHOLE?

WHEN SHE COMES THROUGH THAT DOOR, SHE'LL BE BARBECUED WHERE SHE STANDS! MAYBE THAT WILL PROVE TO THE LACKWITS ON ORGASTY THAT I'VE HAD MY FILL OF THEM AND THEIR SENSELESS LIVES...!

MAYBE THEN, THEY'LL LEAVE ME IN PEACE SOI--! EH!? THAT... THAT SMOKE! GREAT RAGNORD! SHE'S USING A--!

**BOOM!**

...AN OBLITERATION BOMB!



GAAAA! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, SALLY STARSLAMMER! YOU AND THOSE PIG-HUMPING, BEEF-BRAINED DEGENERATES!

NOW, OMAR! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS? THEY'RE ONLY LOOKING OUT FOR YOUR WELFARE! PLEASE, OMAR! TELL ME YOU'LL COME BACK! YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER HOME AS WONDERFUL AS ORGASTY!

I'VE SEEN THE LIGHT! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME BACK ALIVE!

OMAR! OMAR! OMAR! YOU'RE SUCH A SPOIL SPORT!

AND ONLY LAST WEEK, YOU WERE CONSIDERED THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!

OH, WELL...! YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!

GAAAAA!



WHAT A SNUFFING SHAME! AND TO THINK I ONCE THOUGHT OMAR WAS ONE HELLUVA GUY!

WELL...THERE WAS A BOY ONCE...! BUT THAT WAS WAY BACK IN THIRD GRADE! I WOULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING FOR HIM...IF ONLY HE WOULD HAVE ASKED! BUT NO, HE PREFERRED ALLISON HEARTCHEER!



OH, STANLEY... YOU SAY THE SWEETEST THINGS!



OH, STANLEY! I WAS SO YOUNG THEN! I WAS NEVER SERIOUS ABOUT OMAR! THAT WAS SIMPLE SCHOOL-GIRL INFATUATION!

STANLEY! YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE...! YOU AND JOHNNY AND ARNOLD AND HAPPY JIM SUNBLASTER!

YOU'RE MY FAVORITE, OF COURSE! JUST LOOKING AT YOU MAKES ME TINGLY ALL OVER!

THOSE IRREPRESSIBLE EYES... THAT IRRESISTIBLE SMILE... THOSE DELECTABLE, ELEPHANTINE ORGANS OF YOURS...! OOOOOH!! YOU MAKE ME ALL GUSHY WITH PASSION!







AH! HOME AT LAST,  
MY LOVE! **ORGASTY...** THE  
CITY OF UNBRIDLED **PASSION...**!  
HAVEN OF THE  
**BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!**

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE  
MUCH FROM UP HERE, BUT  
BOY, WHEN THEY **ROMP...**  
DOES THAT OL' TOWN  
**SMOLDER!**

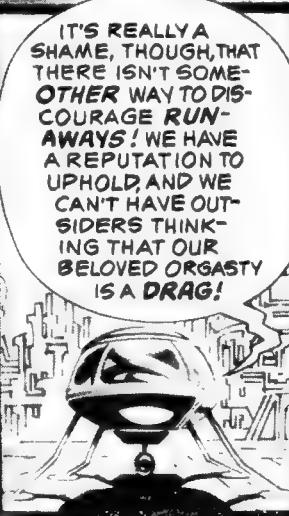
АЭЗ-ЛНБ!



YES, I GUESS  
WE'D BETTER GET  
ON DOWN AND **REPORT**  
TO TURN-**TAIL**  
CENTRAL!



THEY'LL WANT  
TO **STUFF** OMAR'S  
HEAD AND PUT IT  
ON DISPLAY IN  
THE DEFECTOR'S  
GALLERY!



IT'S REALLY A  
SHAME, THOUGH, THAT  
THERE ISN'T SOME-  
OTHER WAY TO DIS-  
COURAGE **RUN-**  
AWAYS! WE HAVE  
A REPUTATION TO  
UPHOLD, AND WE  
CAN'T HAVE OUT-  
SIDERS THINK-  
ING THAT OUR  
BELOVED **ORGASTY**  
IS A **DRA**!



HEY, STAN,  
LOOKY THERE!  
IT'S **BIG**  
**EDDIE!**

ED, M'MAN...  
HOW'S IT GOIN'?  
HEY, WHAT'S ON  
FOR T'NIGHT?



ЯЛЗ ДАВЯ!

FAR OUT, GUY!  
AND IT'S ALREADY  
STARTED, HUH?

**GOSHAROONIE!**  
ME AN' STAN WOULDN'T  
MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!



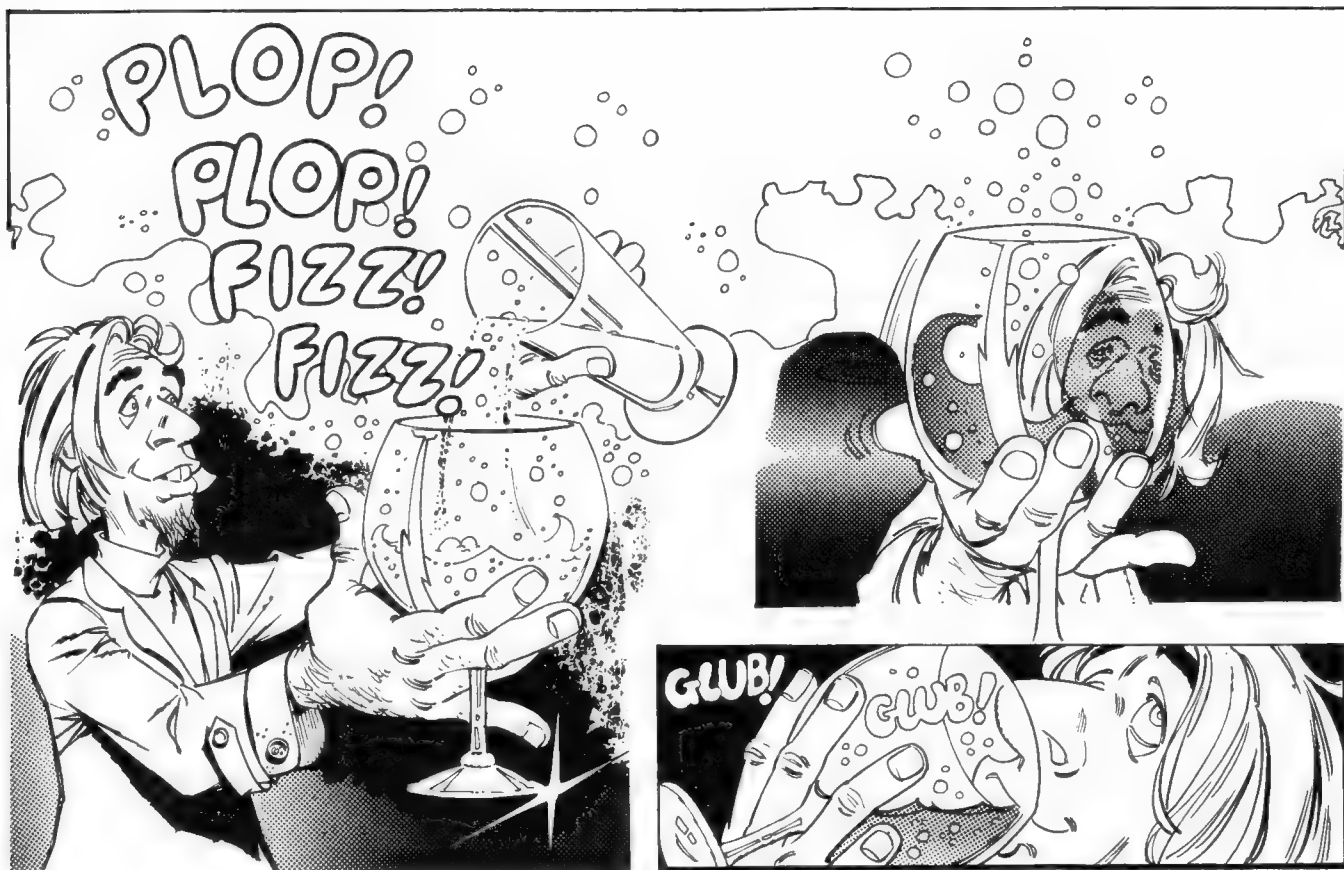
I JUST DON'T  
UNDERSTAND, STANLEY...  
WHY ANYONE WOULD  
WANT TO GIVE ALL  
THIS UP!

BOY, YOU  
JUST SAID A **MOU**-  
**FUL!**

# The STRANGE ADVENTURE of DOCTOR JERKYLL!

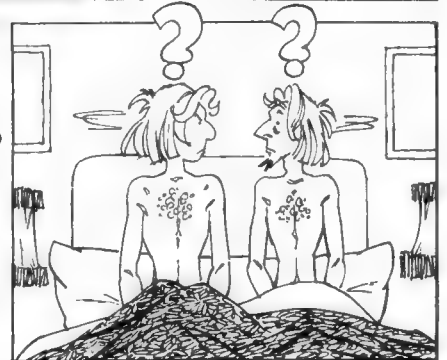
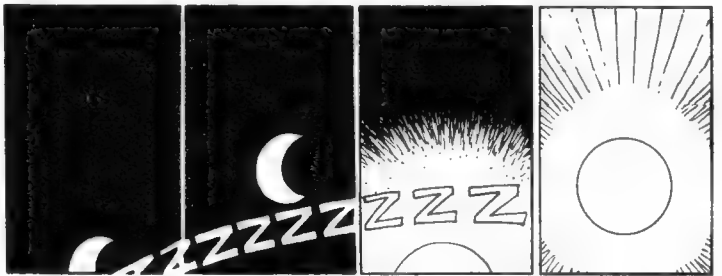


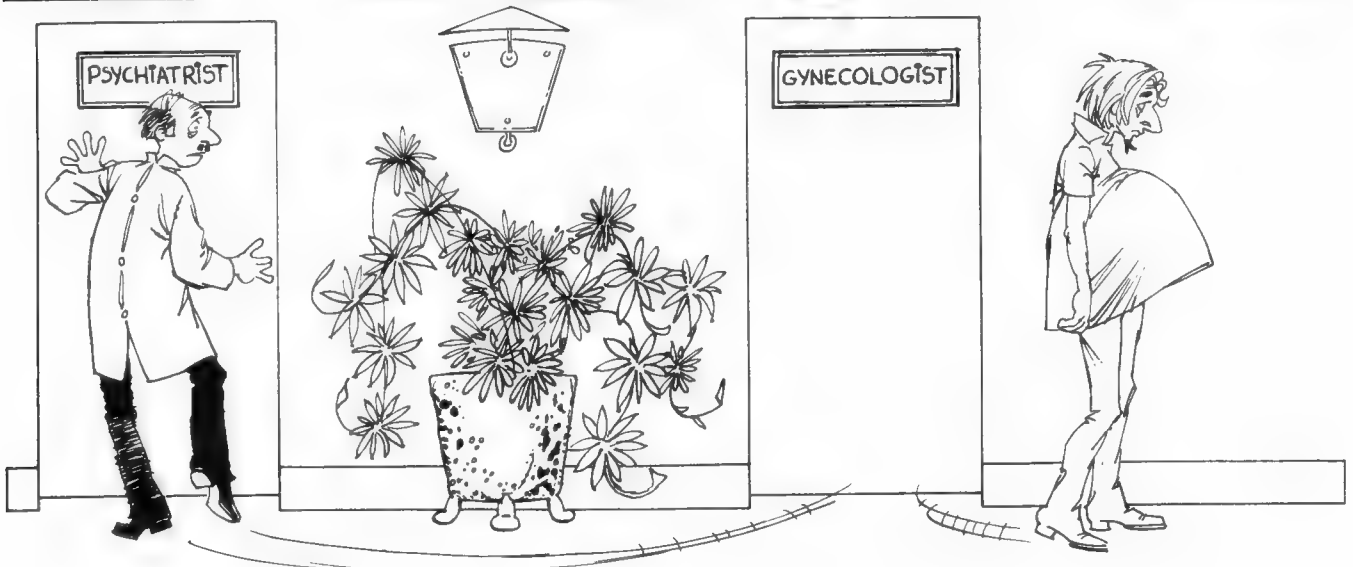
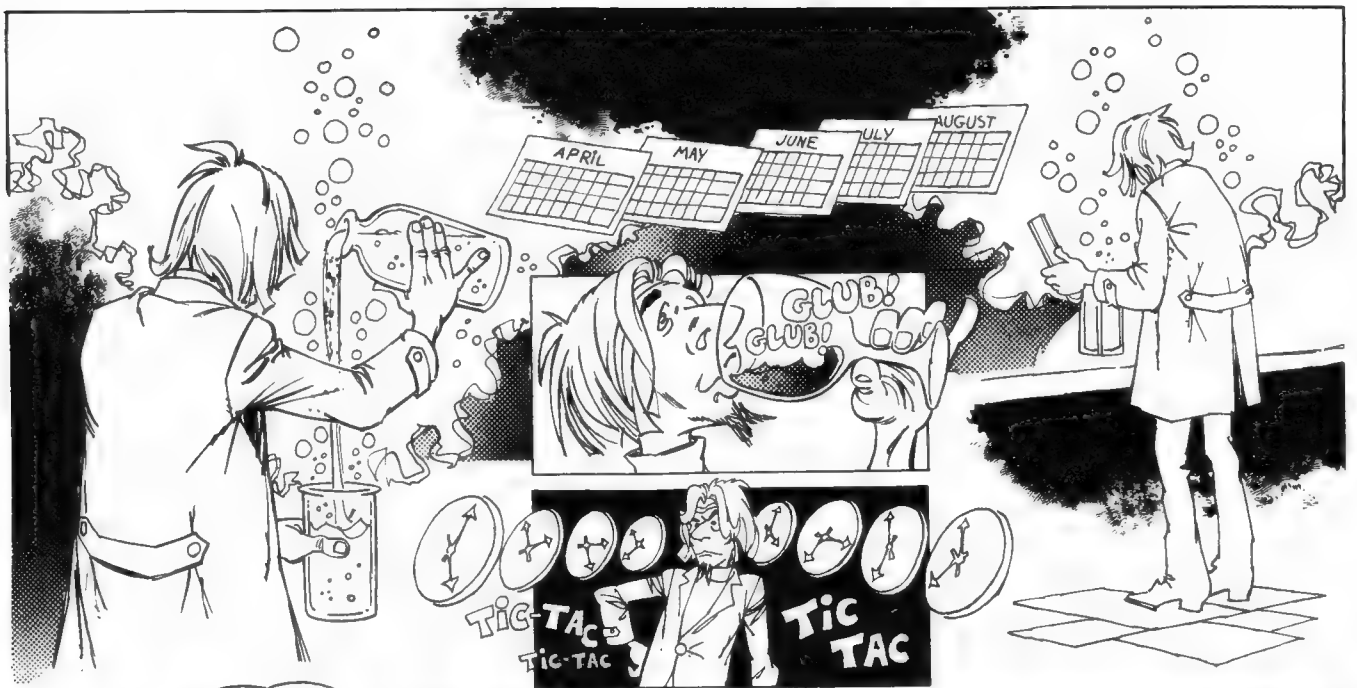














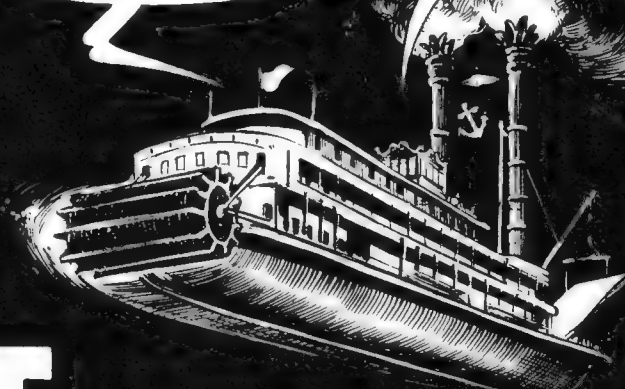


AVAST,  
YE LANDLUBBIN'  
SLIME!

CAPTAIN!  
SIR! THERE'S A  
SHIP HAILING US FROM  
ASTERNA!

GAAAAAAA!  
THAT'S NO SHIP, YOU  
BLITHERING IDIOT. THAT'S  
THE LACE  
DREADNAUGHT...

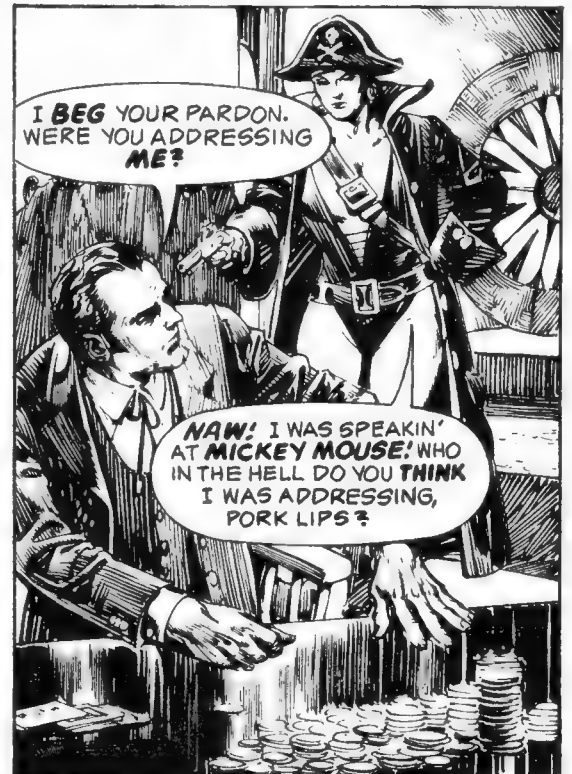
...THE PIRATE  
CRUISER THAT'S BEEN  
PLUNDERING THE PLEASURE  
VESSELS OF  
FRONTIERSPACE!



# SCOURGE of all DISNEYSPEACE









AND **HOW** MAY I BE OF SERVICE TO YOU, MY GOOD WOMAN?

BY HANDING OVER YOUR **RICHES** SO THAT WE MAY BETTER FINANCE THE WAR TO FREE THE OPPRESSED MATERNAL SLAVES, EXPLOITED BY THE RULING CORPORATIONS TO MANUFACTURE THE HUMAN PROGENY OF THE GALAXY!

AH, YES...! YOU MUST BE ONE OF THE DIS-ILLUSIONED CHILD-BEARERS FROM THE GALACTIC IN-SEMINATION CENTERS OF THE AMERICAS. I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU.



ONE OF THE EX **BABY MACHINES** YOU MEAN FORCED TO CHURN OUT OFFSPRING FOR THE **STERILE MASSES!**

BUT THEY AIN'T STICKIN' THOSE LOUSY INSEMINATION NEEDLES IN ME NO MORE, BUDDY!



MYSELF AND MY COMPANIONS **REFUSE** TO REMAIN BLOATED PIGMEAT FOR THE BUREAUCRATIC CONGLOMERATES, WHO THROUGH THEIR GREED, HAVE RENDERED THE COLONIZED WORLDS **IMPOTENT!**



I **SYMPATHIZE** WITH YOU'RE CAUSE, MADAME, AND WOULD **GLADLY** SUPPORT YOU IN ANY MANNER POSSIBLE.

ALAS, THE THIEVING CORPORATE MENDICANTS AND THEIR ONE-SIDED GAMES OF CHANCE HAVE STRIPPED ME OF ALL FISCAL REMUNERATION.

THAT REMAINS TO BE **SEEN**, MY SILVER-TONGUED FRIEND. **DROP** YOUR DRAWERS, AND LET ME SEE THAT BIG **MONEY-BELT** YOUR HIDING!



**TRULY**, THIS IS UNNECESSARY.

I HAVE **NO** HIDDEN FINANCIAL RESERVES.



**ANA!** JUST AS I THOUGHT! SO YOU HAVE NO **MONEYBELT**, EH...?





MMMMMM!  
YOU'RE A **THROWBACK**...A  
MUTANT FROM THE DAYS BE-  
FORE THE WAR, AREN'T YOU?  
OH, WHAT THE GOOD OLD  
DAYS MUST'VE BEEN  
LIKE FOR **MA!**

LISTEN...! Y' THINK  
YOU CAN GIVE ME **ANOTHER**  
DEMONSTRATION?

I'M REALLY NOT SURE THAT  
I **SHOULD**. I MEAN...I DON'T  
HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF EXPERT-  
ISE IN THESE MATTERS...

...AND THERE IS  
SIMPLY NO TELLING WHEN  
IT MAY RUN **DRY**.

I UNDER STAND, YOU DON'T  
WANT TO DEPRIVE **OTHER**  
WOMEN. HOW **THOUGHT-  
FUL**.

UNFORTUNATELY, I AM NOT  
AS CONSIDERATE! WITH OR WITH-  
OUT **YOU** ATTACHED, YOUR "**DE-  
VICE**" IS COMING WITH  
**ME!** A CAPTAIN MUST  
**SHARE** THE PLUNDER  
WITH HER CREW, YOU  
KNOW!

IT IS MY  
**DUTY** TO SEE  
THAT THEY AT  
LEAST MAKE  
A VALIANT  
**ATTEMPT**  
TO DRAIN IT  
**DRY!**

YOUR OFFER  
IS SO GRACEFUL,  
I DON'T SEE **HOW**  
I CAN REFUSE.

**COME, GIRLS! OUR  
PIRATING DAYS ARE OVER!**  
I'VE FOUND AN INFINITELY  
**MORE PLEASURABLE**  
WAY TO PASS THE  
TIME!

**MURRAY!**  
DISNEY SPACE  
IS **SAVED!**

SOMETHING  
TELLS ME THAT  
THE REVOLUTION  
IS **OVER...!**

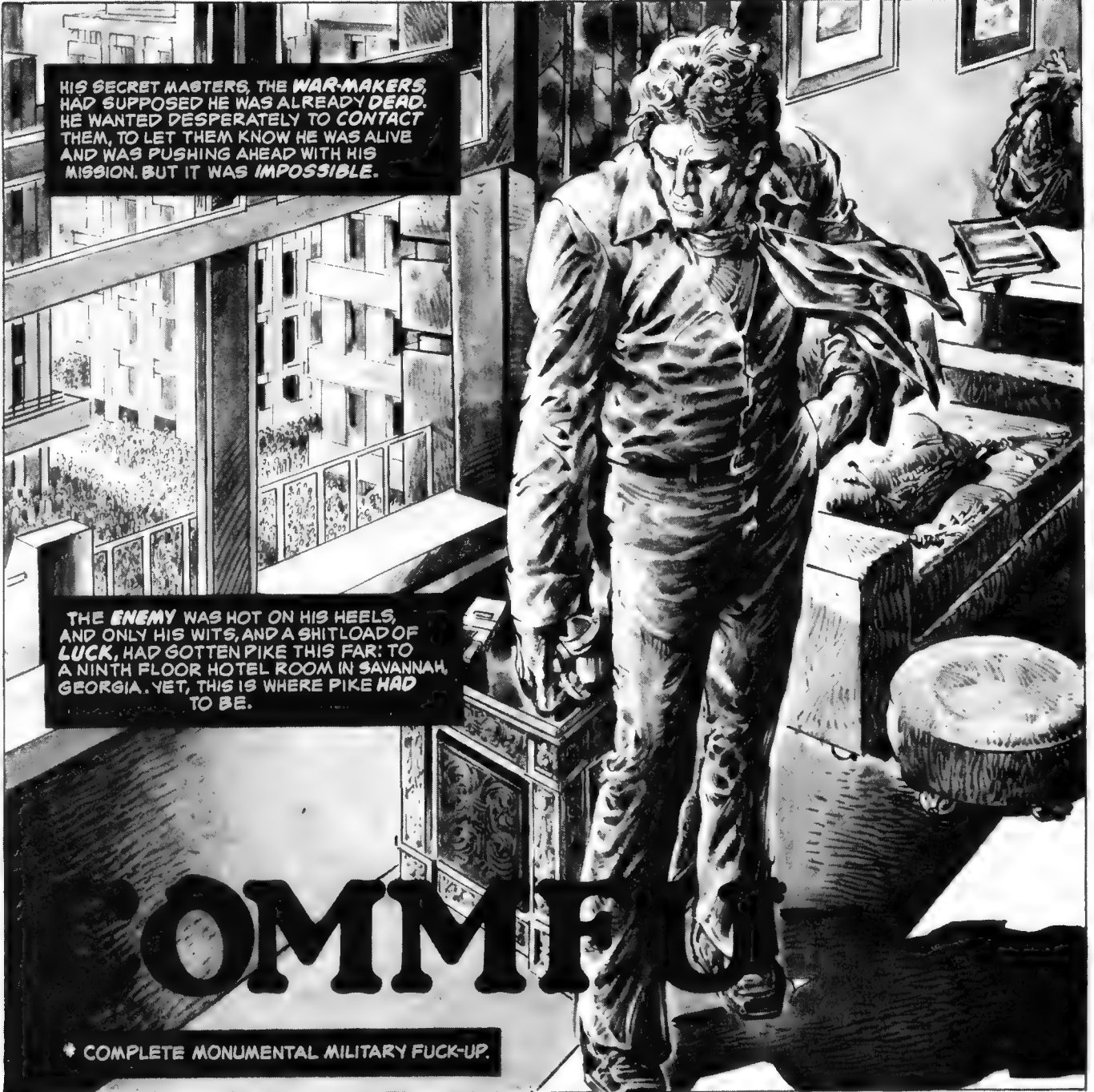
**YEAH! I THINK  
THE DISGRUNTLED  
LADIES OF MOTHERS'  
LIB HAVE FINALLY  
FOUND WHAT THEY'VE  
BEEN LOOKING  
FOR!**

BUT I WONDER  
WHAT **THAT GUY**  
HAS THAT **WE**  
DON'T?

WHATEVER IT  
IS... IT'S GOT TO BE  
A WHOLE LOT MORE  
**INTERESTING**  
THAN WHAT'S GOING  
ON **HERE!**

**IMPOSSIBLE!**  
WHAT COULD BE  
MORE FUN THAN  
**DISNEYSPEACE?**



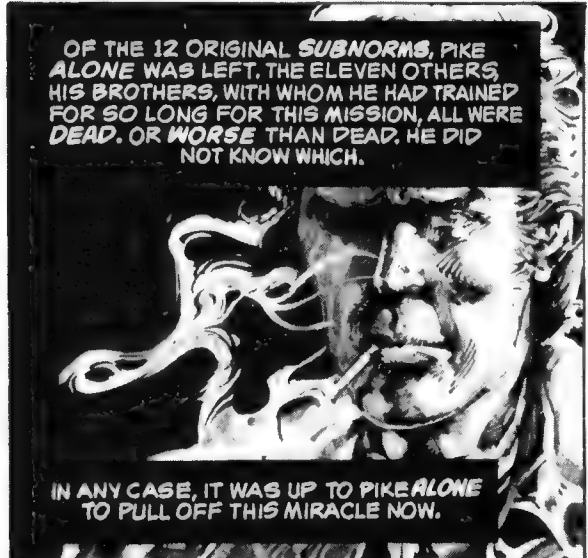


HIS SECRET MASTERS, THE **WAR-MAKERS**, HAD SUPPOSED HE WAS ALREADY DEAD. HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO CONTACT THEM, TO LET THEM KNOW HE WAS ALIVE AND WAS PUSHING AHEAD WITH HIS MISSION. BUT IT WAS **IMPOSSIBLE**.

THE **ENEMY** WAS HOT ON HIS HEELS, AND ONLY HIS WITS, AND A SHITLOAD OF **LUCK**, HAD GOTTEN PIKE THIS FAR: TO A NINTH FLOOR HOTEL ROOM IN SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. YET, THIS IS WHERE PIKE HAD TO BE.

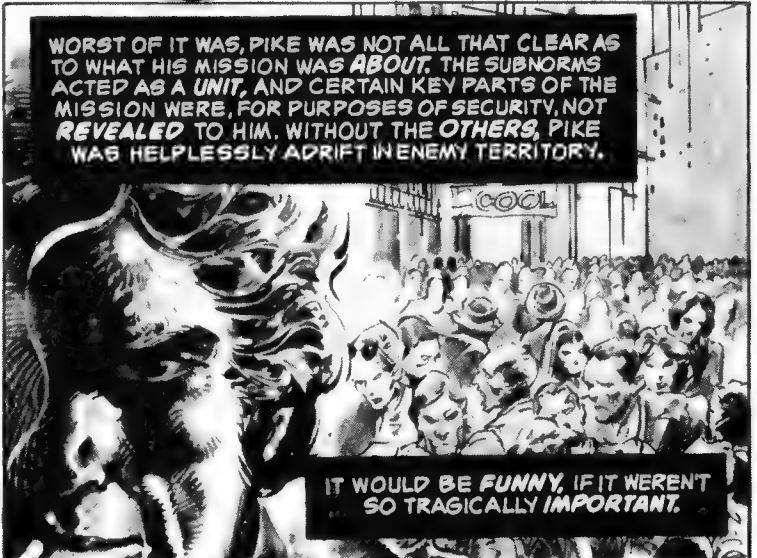
# COMM-FU

♦ COMPLETE MONUMENTAL MILITARY FUCK-UP.



OF THE 12 ORIGINAL **SUBNORMS**, PIKE ALONE WAS LEFT. THE ELEVEN OTHERS, HIS BROTHERS, WITH WHOM HE HAD TRAINED FOR SO LONG FOR THIS MISSION, ALL WERE DEAD. OR WORSE THAN DEAD. HE DID NOT KNOW WHICH.

IN ANY CASE, IT WAS UP TO PIKE ALONE TO PULL OFF THIS MIRACLE NOW.



WORST OF IT WAS, PIKE WAS NOT ALL THAT CLEAR AS TO WHAT HIS MISSION WAS ABOUT. THE **SUBNORMS** ACTED AS A **UNIT**, AND CERTAIN KEY PARTS OF THE MISSION WERE, FOR PURPOSES OF SECURITY, NOT REVEALED TO HIM. WITHOUT THE **OTHERS**, PIKE WAS HELPESSLY ADRIPT IN ENEMY TERRITORY.

IT WOULD BE **FUNNY**, IF IT WEREN'T SO TRAGICALLY **IMPORTANT**.

PIKE FELL HEAVILY INTO THE CHAIR, PLAYING IT OVER IN HIS MIND. SOMEBODY **SCREWED UP**. SOMEBODY LET THE ENEMY GET THEIR CLAWS ON THE **SUBNORM MISSION FILE**. AND NOW HIS MISSION... HIS **LIFE**, WERE IN JEOPARDY.

THEY WERE IN **MIAMI**, HIS HUNTERS. ROUNDING HIS BROTHERS UP BEFORE THEY EVEN KNEW THEY WERE UPON THEM. IF PIKE HADN'T STRAYED FROM THE OTHER SUBNORMS FOR THAT SHORT MOMENT, HE WOULD BE **SHARING** HIS COMRADES' DARK FATE.

IF HE ONLY COULD GET A **MESSAGE** THROUGH TO THE WAR-MAKERS... A CALL, A TELEGRAM... HE NEEDED VERIFICATION, **CLARIFICATION**. GODDAMN IT, HOW WAS HE TO **PROCEED??**

WHAT **LUDICROUS PROPAGANDA!** PABLUM TO KEEP THE MASSES **DOCILE**.

GEORGE  
Kosygin  
and Bro  
meet at  
Camp D

AS PIKE WAS PULLED ALONG WITH THE CURRENTS OF THE STREET, HE MARVELED AT THE PEOPLE HE SAW. SO **CASUAL**, HE THOUGHT. SO BLITHELY **UNCONCERNED**. THE SHIFTLESS BASTARDS WHO HAD THEM UNDER THEIR COLLECTIVE THUMB WERE STEALING THEM BLIND! STEALING THEIR WAGES WITH MONUMENTAL TAXES... STEALING THEIR FREEDOMS...! AND **STILL** THEY WERE ABLE TO MOVE ABOUT AS THOUGH THEIR LIVES HAD **WORTH**.

PIKE THOUGHT **BADLY** OF HAVING TO KILL A LOT OF THEM FOR A MOMENT...! BUT THEN THE **DRUG** TOOK OVER AND HE DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT AT ALL.

BY THE TIME PIKE RETURNED TO THE HOTEL HE WANTED TO KILL SO BAD HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. AFTER ALL, IT WAS HIS **MISSION**, WHAT HE HAD TRAINED FOR. IT WAS TOO GODDAMN **IMPORTANT** FOR HIM TO BE IN ANY OTHER STATE OF MIND.

PERHAPS THE GROUND TROOPS WAITING OFF-SHORE WOULD BE RIGHT **AFTER** HIM... TO GIVE HIM **SUPPORT**. HE WOULD NOT LET HIS GOVERNMENT DOWN, SO HOW COULD THEY LET HIM DOWN? IT WAS A MATTER OF **NATIONAL SURVIVAL**.

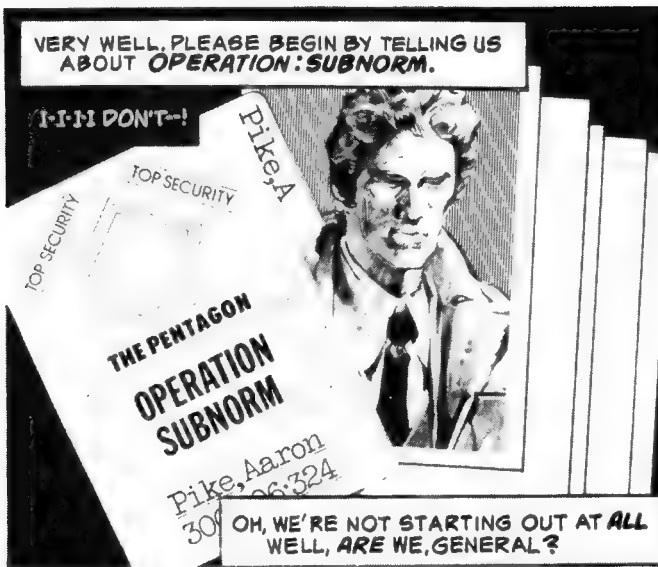
AND IF HE HAD TO DIE, WELL... HE'D DO IT WITH **FIREWORKS**.

HAPPY TRAIHHHLS TO YOOOOOOOO... UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN! HAPPY TRAIHHHLS TO YOU... KEEP SM-I-I-LIN' UNTIL THE-E-E-EN!

WHO'S THAT LITTLE CHATTERBOX... WITH THE PRETTY AUBURN LOCKS CUTE LITTLE SHE...  
A-A-ANNIE!

PRESS RELEASE  
Senate Hearing 31114 Transcript  
SENATOR BOND: General Haskell, you understand that this is only a hearing, to determine whether grounds exist for your dismissal. As this is only a hearing, you are under no obligation to answer any of the questions should you desire not to! Is all that clear, General?  
GENERAL HASKELL: Quite clear, Senator.





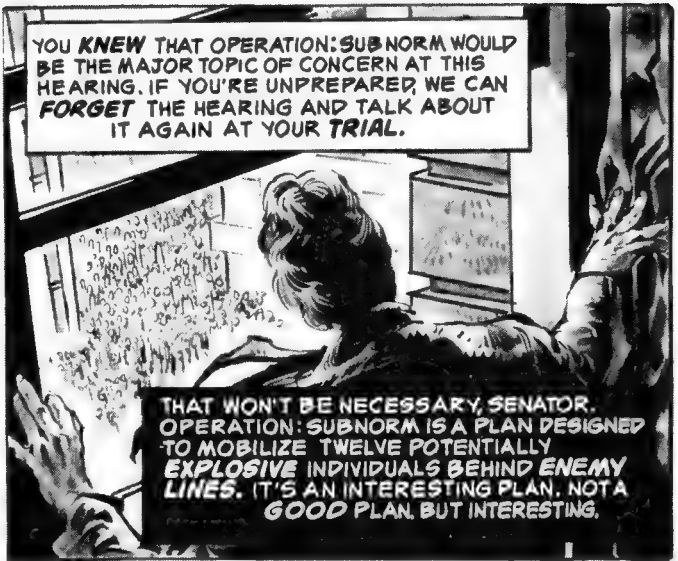
VERY WELL, PLEASE BEGIN BY TELLING US ABOUT **OPERATION: SUBNORM**.

I-I-I DON'T--!

TOP SECURITY  
THE PENTAGON  
**OPERATION  
SUBNORM**

Pike, Aaron  
306-324  
30

OH, WE'RE NOT STARTING OUT AT ALL WELL, ARE WE, GENERAL?



YOU **KNEW** THAT **OPERATION: SUBNORM** WOULD BE THE MAJOR TOPIC OF CONCERN AT THIS HEARING. IF YOU'RE UNPREPARED, WE CAN **FORGET** THE HEARING AND TALK ABOUT IT AGAIN AT YOUR **TRIAL**.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SENATOR. **OPERATION: SUBNORM** IS A PLAN DESIGNED TO MOBILIZE TWELVE POTENTIALLY **EXPLOSIVE** INDIVIDUALS BEHIND **ENEMY LINES**. IT'S AN INTERESTING PLAN, NOT A **GOOD** PLAN, BUT INTERESTING.



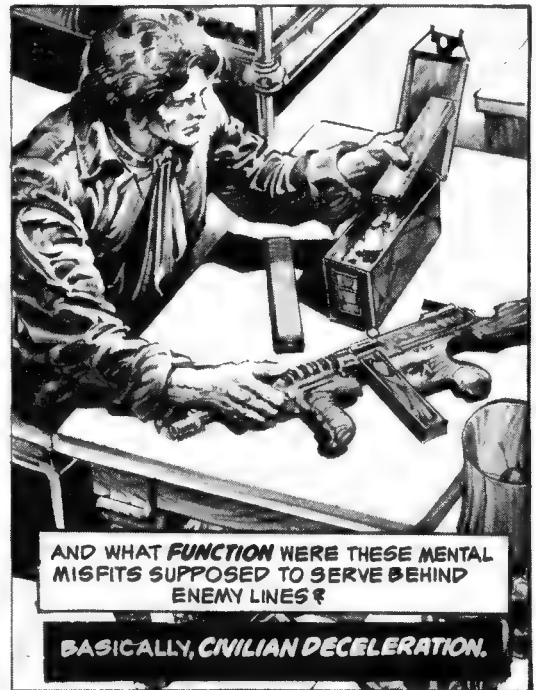
EXCUSE ME... "POTENTIALLY **EXPLOSIVE** INDIVIDUALS?" WHAT DOES THAT **MEAN**?

UM, USUALLY, DISORIENTED OR SEVERELY ALIENATED PERSONS, PREFERABLY THOSE CAPABLE OF **SUPERIOR AGGRESSION**.



YOU MEAN, **HOMICIDAL MANIACS**, DON'T YOU? **PSYCHOS**? INCURABLE **LUNATICS** STRAIGHT FROM **CUCKOO LAND**?

I WAS TRYING TO BE **POLITE**!



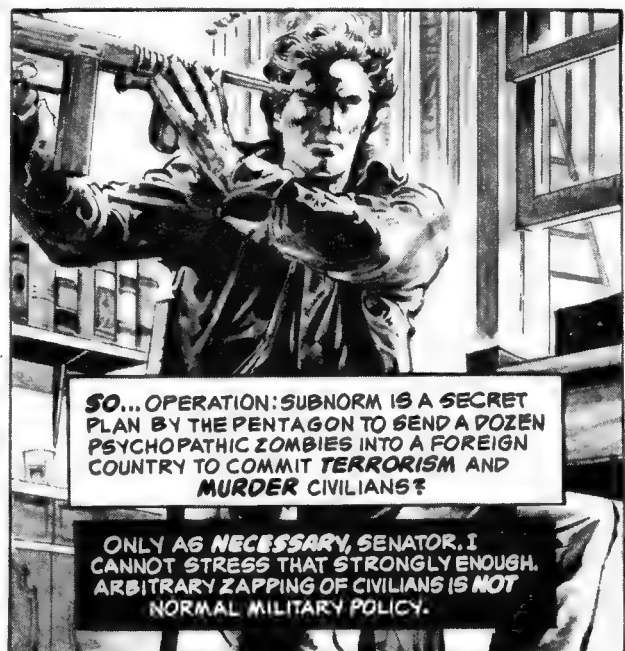
AND WHAT **FUNCTION** WERE THESE MENTAL MISFITS SUPPOSED TO SERVE BEHIND **ENEMY LINES**?

**BASICALLY, CIVILIAN DECELERATION.**



PLEASE, GENERAL, WE ONLY SPEAK **ENGLISH** HERE.

ER... OF COURSE, **TERRORISM**... **MASS-KILLING**... STUFF LIKE THAT. ONLY AS **NECESSARY**, OF COURSE. I MEAN, WE DON'T GO **APE-SHIT** ABOUT IT.



**SO... OPERATION: SUBNORM** IS A SECRET PLAN BY THE PENTAGON TO SEND A **DOZEN PSYCHOPATHIC ZOMBIES** INTO A FOREIGN COUNTRY TO COMMIT **TERRORISM** AND **MURDER** CIVILIANS?

ONLY AS **NECESSARY**, SENATOR. I CANNOT STRESS THAT STRONGLY ENOUGH. **ARBITRARY ZAPPING** OF CIVILIANS IS **NOT** NORMAL MILITARY POLICY.

WHAT IS THE PENTAGON'S OPINION OF THE  
**AARON PIKE AFFAIR?**

OOPS.

"OOPS?" IS THAT A SINCERE, HEARTFELT "OOPS," OR IS THAT JUST A **STANDARD MILITARY ISSUE "OOPS?"** BECAUSE, WHEN I RETURN TO **GEORGIA** TOMORROW, I WANT TO BE ABLE TO TELL THE FAMILIES OF PIKE'S VICTIMS THAT THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT IS PROPERLY REGRETFUL AND APOLOGETIC.

THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT HAS ALREADY FORWARDED ITS APOLOGIES TO THE BEREAVED PARTIES. I MYSELF HAVE WRITTEN SEVERAL LETTERS TO THAT EFFECT.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP  
FOR THE  
MYSTERY TOUR!

YOU'RE A **TERRIFIC** GENERAL, GENERAL. TELL US ABOUT **AARON PIKE**.

YOU ALREADY HAVE MY BRIEF.

NO, PLEASE. TELL IT **ALOUD**. IT'S MORE **PRECIOUS** FROM YOUR OWN LIPS.

MENTAL HOSPITALS?

THAT'S RIGHT.

PIKE WAS A PATIENT?

PIKE WAS A BEDBUG.

AARON PIKE WAS A MEMBER OF A TWELVE-MAN SUBNORM TEAM THAT WAS ASSEMBLED SOMETIME EARLY IN 1985. HE WAS RECRUITED, AS WERE ALL THE SUBNORMS, FROM VARIOUS STATE OWNED INSTITUTIONS THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A.

I'LL BE GLAD  
WHEN YOU'RE DEAD,  
F YOU RASCAL,  
YOU!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS **ESSENTIAL** TO THE PLAN THAT THE SUBNORM TEAM CONSIST **ONLY** OF MADMEN.

PIKE CAME INTO SUBNORM FRESH FROM SHOOTING UP A HEALTH SPA IN DES MOINES.

HE GOT  
FIGHTIN' MAD  
THIS REBEL  
LAD...

HE WAS A **SIMMERER**. HE'D STORE UP PRESSURES FOR LONG PERIODS, AND THEN FOR THE MOST TRIVIAL OF REASONS, HE WOULD **EXPLODE** MOST VIOLENTLY.

SIX PEOPLE AT THE SPA WERE KILLED BECAUSE HE FAILED A ZOO POUND CLEAN AND JERK.

SUCH **RUTHLESSNESS** COULD NOT GO UNTAPPED...

WHAP!

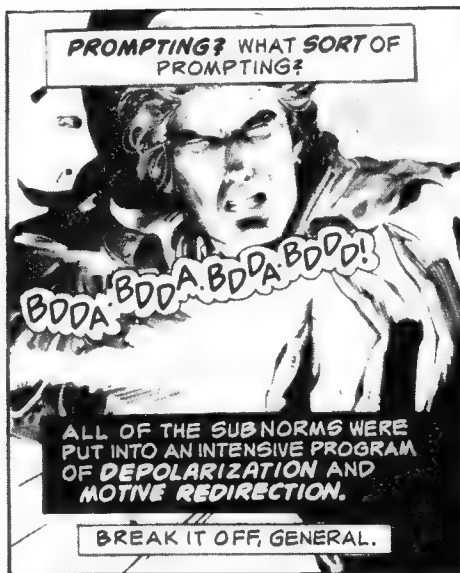
...SO SHORTLY AFTER PIKE WAS COMMITTED TO AN IOWA ASYLUM, IT WAS ARRANGED TO HAVE HIM SECRETLY TRANSFERRED TO A MILITARY BASE IN FLORIDA.

PIKE QUICKLY PROVED HE WAS NO EMPTY PROMISE.

MANY  
GOOD MEN ARE  
ASLEEP IN THE  
DEEP...

WITH PROMPTING, PIKE WAS **AMAZING**. NAKED AGGRESSION. NO THOUGHTS BUT KILLING. NO HESITATION. **MARVELOUS!**





PROMPTING? WHAT SORT OF PROMPTING?

BDDA BDDA BDDA BDD!

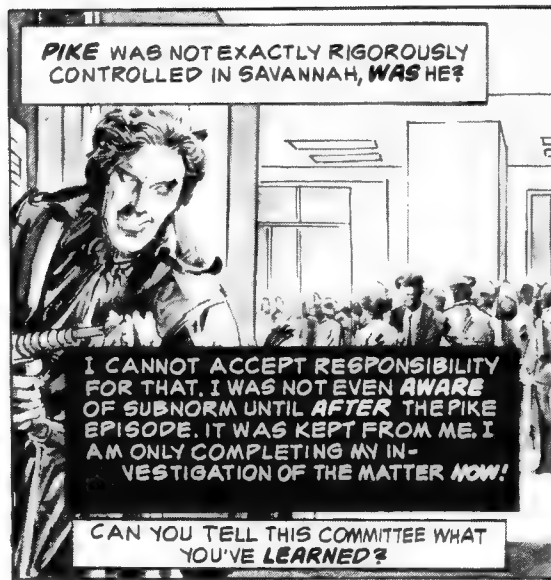
ALL OF THE SUBNORMS WERE PUT INTO AN INTENSIVE PROGRAM OF DEPOLARIZATION AND MOTIVE REDIRECTION.

BREAK IT OFF, GENERAL.



SORRY, BRAINWASHING AND REPROGRAMING.

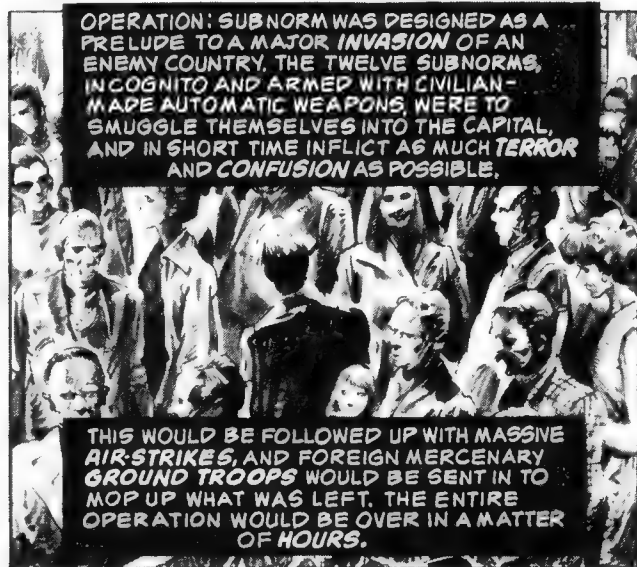
OBVIOUSLY, SUCH DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATHS MUST BE RIGOROUSLY CONTROLLED TO BE OF ANY VALUE.



PIKE WAS NOT EXACTLY RIGOROUSLY CONTROLLED IN SAVANNAH, WAS HE?

I CANNOT ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR THAT. I WAS NOT EVEN AWARE OF SUBNORM UNTIL AFTER THE PIKE EPISODE. IT WAS KEPT FROM ME. I AM ONLY COMPLETING MY INVESTIGATION OF THE MATTER NOW!

CAN YOU TELL THIS COMMITTEE WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED?



OPERATION: SUBNORM WAS DESIGNED AS A PRELUDE TO A MAJOR INVASION OF AN ENEMY COUNTRY. THE TWELVE SUBNORMS, INCOGNITO AND ARMED WITH CIVILIAN-MADE AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, WERE TO SMUGGLE THEMSELVES INTO THE CAPITAL, AND IN SHORT TIME INFLICT AS MUCH TERROR AND CONFUSION AS POSSIBLE.

THIS WOULD BE FOLLOWED UP WITH MASSIVE AIR-STRIKES, AND FOREIGN MERCENARY GROUND TROOPS WOULD BE SENT IN TO MOP UP WHAT WAS LEFT. THE ENTIRE OPERATION WOULD BE OVER IN A MATTER OF HOURS.



WAS OPERATION: SUB-NORM A PLAN OF YOURS, GENERAL HASKELL?

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

WHOSE PLAN WAS IT?



BKKA BKKA BKKA

I'D RATHER NOT SAY. IT'S KIND OF EMBARRASSING. IT WAS PUT TOGETHER DURING A PREVIOUS ADMINISTRATION.



WHAT ADMINISTRATION, GENERAL?

THE ER...KENNEDY ADMINISTRATION.

THAT WAS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

I KNOW IT.



HOW GOOD CAN A MILITARY OPERATION BE AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS?

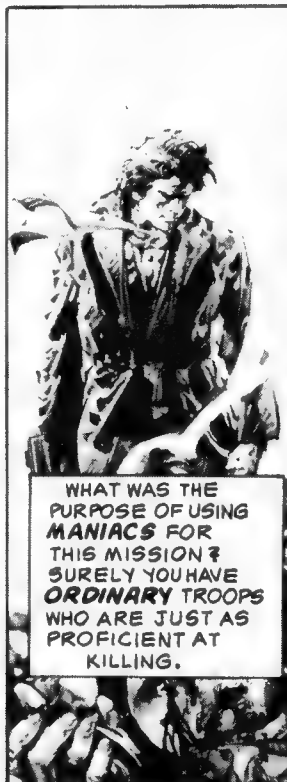
HAPPINESS IS A WARM GUN...!

NOT SO GOOD. MISSION PLANS THAT OUTDATED ARE USUALLY DONATED TO COLLEGE LIBRARIES. HOWEVER, SOMEBODY THOUGHT IT HAD MERIT AND PUT IT INTO OPERATION.

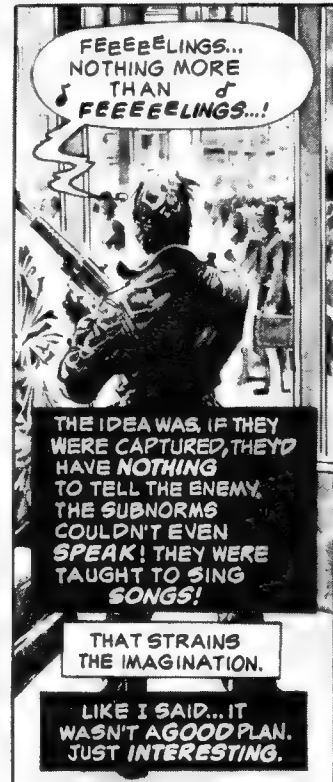


WHO WAS THAT, GENERAL?

I DON'T KNOW, YET. I'M STILL LOOKING INTO THE MATTER.



WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF USING MANIACS FOR THIS MISSION? SURELY YOU HAVE ORDINARY TROOPS WHO ARE JUST AS PROFICIENT AT KILLING.



FEELINGS... NOTHING MORE THAN FEELINGS...!

THE IDEA WAS, IF THEY WERE CAPTURED, THEY'D HAVE NOTHING TO TELL THE ENEMY. THE SUBNORMS COULDN'T EVEN SPEAK! THEY WERE TAUGHT TO SING SONGS!

THAT STRAINS THE IMAGINATION.

LIKE I SAID...IT WASN'T A GOOD PLAN. JUST INTERESTING.

**I SAID IT WAS BADLY OUTDATED.**

WHILE UNDERGOING TRAINING IN FLORIDA, THE SUBNORMS WERE ROUTINELY INJECTED WITH A VARIETY OF **DRUGS**. **DRUGS** THAT MADE THEM **HOSTILE**... **DRUGS** THAT **QUIETED** THEM DOWN AGAIN. THIS WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF EFFECTUALLY CONTROLLING THEIR **BEHAVIOR**.

**GO ON...!**

[illegible]

THE SUBNORMS QUICKLY OVERPOWERED THEIR GUARDS, SCALED THE FENCE, AND SCRAMBLED ACROSS THE STATE. THE MISSION WAS ON.

THE POOR GOOF  
GOT LOST! HE WENT  
NORTH TO SAVANNAH  
INSTEAD OF SOUTH  
TO HAVANA!

THERE'S THE TERM AGAIN. IF I REMEMBER  
"CIVILIAN DECELERATION" WAS A  
FAVORITE PHRASE OF--! DEAR GOD!

SENATOR...AS FAR AS I CAN  
DETERMINE, SUBNORM WAS THE  
IDEA OF, EH...GENERAL  
"CHIGGERS" ROSENTHAL.

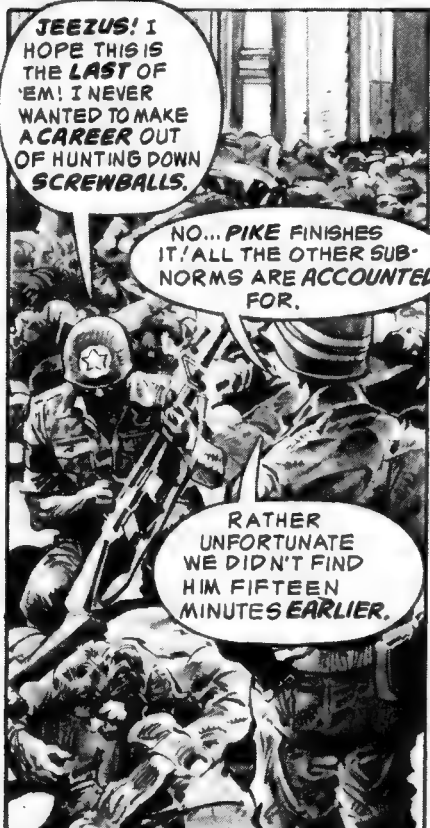
TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHTER MADE 'EM DO WHAT THEY OUGHTER...CAUSE P IF THEY DIDN'T \$ THEY'D DIIIIIEE...!

GENERAL ROSENTHAL WAS VERY BITTER ABOUT THE FAILURE OF THE BAY OF PIGS INVASION, SUB-NORM MUST HAVE REPRESENTED ANOTHER CHANCE FOR HIM.

K-TOW! K-TOW!

**SHIT! WHO KNOWS? IF PIKE  
HAD GONE TO HAVANA IN-  
STEAD OF SAVANNAH, MAY-  
BE CUBA WOULD BE OUR  
FIFTY-FIRST STATE!**





# The HARVEST

AH, **AUTUMN**. WHEN MOTHER NATURE PAINTS THE GREAT OUTDOORS WITH HER MAGICAL PALETTE OF REDS AND YELLOWS AND THE CHILL AIR **TINGLES** YOU TO THE BONE.

THE TIME OF YEAR FOR **THANKSGIVING...** FOR HARVESTING THE CROPS THE GOOD LORD HAS PROVIDED.



ALWAYS THE POETESS, AREN'T YOU, LIZBETH? WELL, YOU'LL SEE **NONE** OF AUTUMN'S HUES IN **THAT** ASPHALT JUNGLE.



THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF CHILL AIR, THOUGH. AND A **HARVEST** THAT THE CORPORATION HAS PROMISED TO BE **RICHER** THAN EVER.



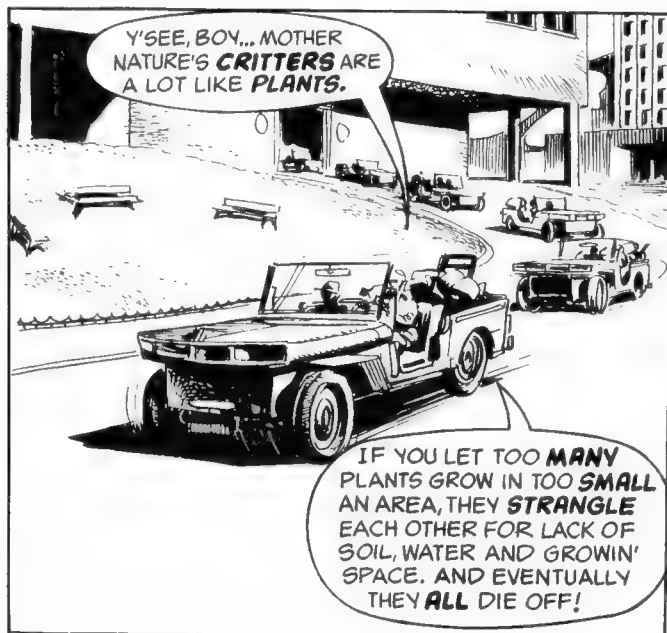
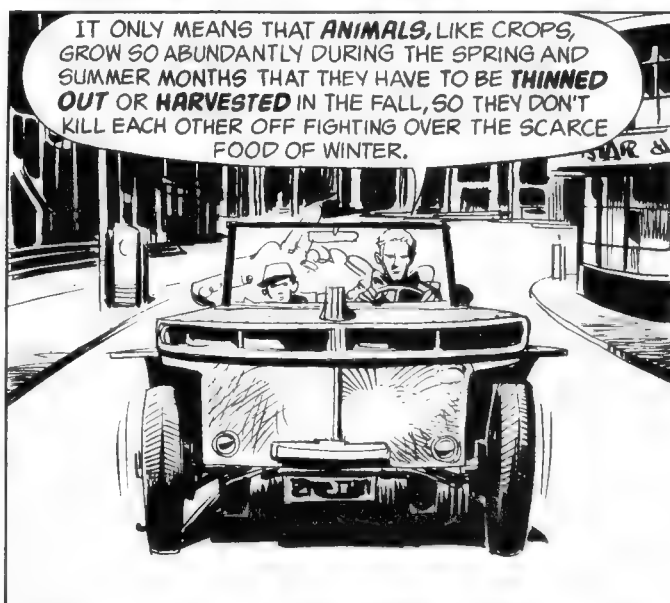
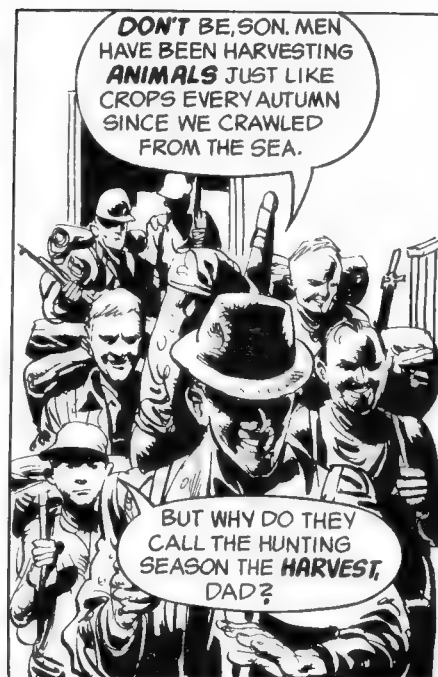
I SURE HOPE SO, DAD. WE'VE WAITED A FULL YEAR TO PUT SOME **DECENT** FOOD ON THE TABLE.

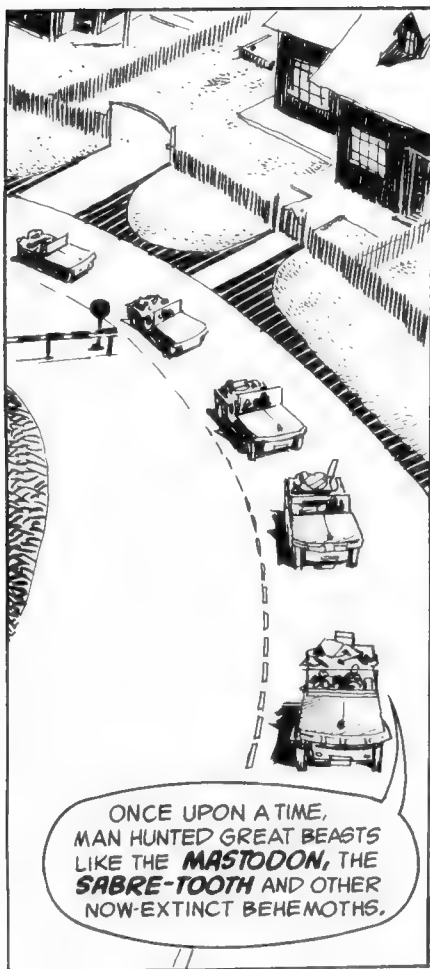
WE WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED, WE'LL BRING BACK THE BEST WE CAN **FIND**.



BRING BACK SOME-THING **EXTRA** SPECIAL FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER, BOYS. WE MUST GIVE **THANKS** FOR NATURE'S BOUNTIFUL **HARVEST!**







ONCE UPON A TIME, MAN HUNTED GREAT BEASTS LIKE THE **MASTODON**, THE **SABRE-TOOTH** AND OTHER NOW-EXTINCT BEHEMOTHS.



BUT ALL THOSE GREAT BEASTS **DIED OUT**. SO MAN HAD TO KILL THE **LESSER** ANIMALS FOR HIS FOOD, THE **BEARS, BUFFALO, DEER**.

THEY WERE THE NEXT TO BE **OBLITERATED**.

THEN WENT ALL THE **RABBITS, SQUIRRELS** AND **BIRDLIFE**.



IT WASN'T TOO LONG AFTER THAT EVEN THE **FARM ANIMALS** BECAME EXTINCT. **PIGS, COWS, SHEEP** AND **CHICKENS**.



IT WAS ONLY WHEN MAN REALIZED HE WAS **REALLY** IN A MESS, THE **GREAT CRISIS** CAME, AN OVERPOPULATED WORLD WAS DEMANDING **MORE** AND **BETTER** FOOD...

...BUT THERE **WAS NONE** AT ALL.



IT WAS THE CLASSIC CASE OF **TOO MANY** ANIMALS CLAMORING FOR **TOO LITTLE** OF EVERYTHING... ALL THOSE PEOPLE WITH ALL THOSE APPETITES WERE AT EACH OTHERS' **THROATS!**

GOVERNMENTS THAT COULD DO NOTHING **COLLAPSED** AND THERE WAS WORLD-WIDE **CHAOS**.



BUT THEN THE **CORPORATIONS** STEPPED IN, RIGHT DAD?

THAT THEY **DID**, BILLY. THEY **REORGANIZED** THE ENTIRE WORLD.





A WHOLE NEW SET OF **RULES** WAS LAID DOWN BY THE **CORPORATIONS**, AND IN A SENSE, MANKIND GOT A **FRESH** START.

LOOK AT ALL THE **HUNTERS**, DAD! I NEVER REALIZED THERE WERE SO **MANY**!

IT'S THE **OPENING** DAY OF THE SEASON, BILLY, AND THE **CORPORATIONS** HAVE PROMISED THE **BEST** HARVEST EVER.

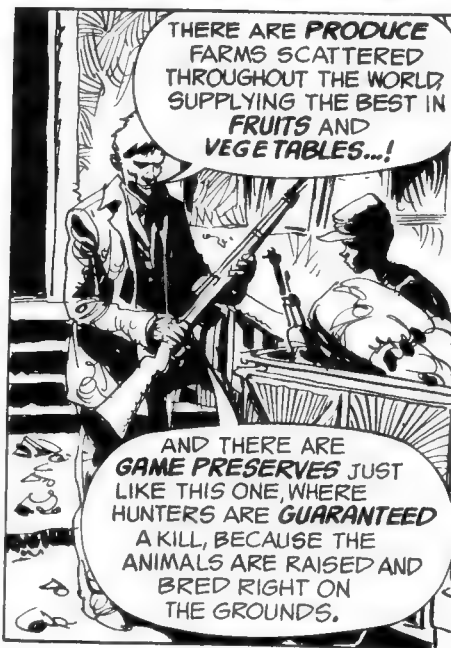
THERE'LL BE MORE **MEAT** ON THE TABLE THIS YEAR THAN MANY OF US HAVE SEEN SINCE WE WERE BOYS!



AND WE'VE ONLY THE **CORPORATION** TO THANK FOR THAT, HUH, DAD?



RIGHT, SON. THROUGH PROPER **MANAGEMENT**, THE **CORPORATIONS** HAVE COMPLETELY OBLITERATED **STARVATION**.



THERE ARE **PRODUCE** FARMS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, SUPPLYING THE BEST IN **FRUITS** AND **VEGE TABLES**...

AND THERE ARE **GAME PRESERVES** JUST LIKE THIS ONE, WHERE **HUNTERS** ARE **GUARANTEED** A KILL, BECAUSE THE ANIMALS ARE RAISED AND BRED RIGHT ON THE GROUNDS.



BE **SHARP** NOW, SON.

THIS IS YOUR **FIRST HUNT** SO YOU'LL WANT TO BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SOMETHING **EXTRA SPECIAL**.



T-THE ANIMALS ACTUALLY **LIVE** IN THESE FILTHY PLACES, POP?

THEY **BREED** HERE LIKE FLIES, SON.



WATCH OUT, BILLY. THAT **HUNTER'S** ONTO A **SCENT**!















# The QUICKIE ADVENTURES OF HAPPY JIM SUNBLASTER

GAAAA! HAPPY JIM...WE'RE UNDER ATTACK BY THE PHILANDERING **LECHMEN** OF OFFAL IV!

THEY...THEY MUST BE AFTER OUR CARGO OF HORNYHILIAN **NYMPHMINK!**

**NIX**, SKEEZIX! IT'S MY LATEST ISSUE OF **1984** THEY'RE AFTER! BUT THEY'LL NEVER WREST IT FROM ME INTACT!

IS...IS THAT WHY YOU'RE **EATING** IT, HAPPY JIM?

THAT'S **RIGHT**, SKEEZIX! NOT ONLY IS **1984** A **VISUAL** DELIGHT...BUT IT **TASTES** PRETTY DARN GOOD, TOO!

**CURSES** TO YOU, YOU PIG-SKINNED EARTHIAN! MAY THE WIND AT YOUR BACK NEVER BE YOUR OWN!

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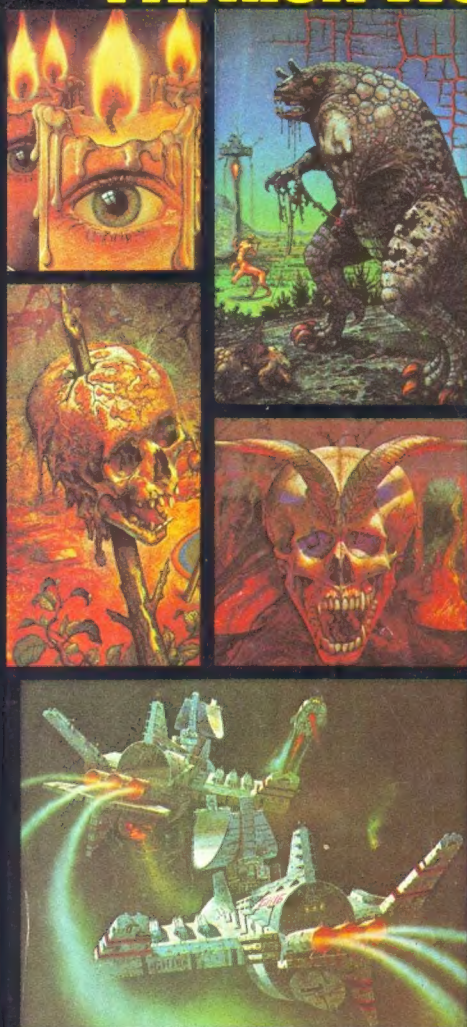
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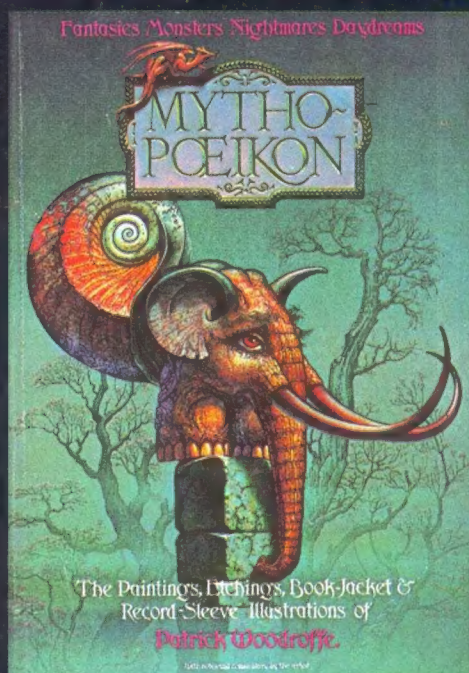
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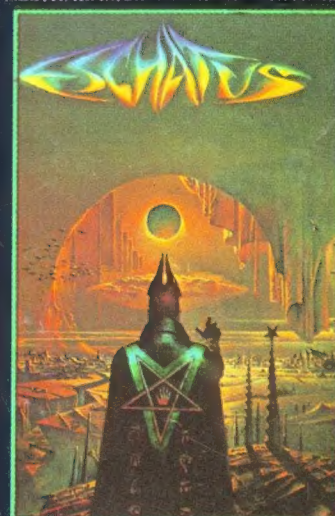
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